The

No. 343 (New Series), Vol. 7. October 15, 1938

TWOPENCE

PASSING SHOW

MOTOR SHOW NUMBER

SAILOR ON HORSEBACK

•

Life Story of Jack London

357 M.P.H.

(Subject to official confirmation)

CAPT. EYSTON'S RECORD IS PLUS A BIG RECORD

BECAUSE HE USED BP ETHYL

Plus a little something

Capt. Eyston's Fuel was a blend of 'BP' Ethyl specially made in England and shipped to America for his use

The PASSING SHOW

No. 343 (New Series), Vol. 7 October 15, 1938

YOU'RE TELLING US!

HERE'S Mr. Chas. Jones of Hall Green, Birmingham, who is not afraid to up and speak his little piece, regardless of the assorted snarls, groans and snorts of contempt that it may evoke from those music lovers who do not hear ear to ear with him. It seems that music, or rather the branch of it that is ladled out by cinema organists, is the bane of his life, and he would have us believe that the fault lies not in our mighty Würlitzers but in our musicians.

As far as he is concerned, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow ("Happy Harry" to his tavern chums) would have scored a bull on the target of truth had he

amended that quatrain of his to read:

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall increase like the sands of the Arab
When the organist starts to play.

"Isn't it about time," he demands, "that something was done to cope with the cinema organist? He is one of the most overrated fellows in the world, and very often conceited into the bargain.

"'Marmaduke Bulldozer at the organ of the Cozee Cinema!' *At* the organ! That little word 'at' explains everything; in fact it is the only truthful thing about him. Judging by the infernal rumblings, groanings, gratings, squeakings and tootings, he certainly is 'at' it.

"The whole business of exhibiting films," continues Mr. Chas. Jones, wagging an admonitory finger, "is held up for Mr. Bulldozer, and patrons can squirm in their seats as much as they like. Mr. Bulldozer carries on to the bitter end.

"Having finished his perpetration," our correspondent adds, with a burning indignation, "he has the temerity—the confounded temerity, to turn round to his victims and smirk! 'Packing a rod' is not the habit of citizens of this country—and Mr. Bulldozer knows it!"

Although we do not want to discourage Mr. Jones—in fact, if it will soothe his tortured ears, we will quote Ibsen's remark that the majority *never* has right on its side—we must point out that British audiences are not usually slow to express displeasure. Yet the Orpheus of the cinema world never receives the faintest suspicion of a boo—far from it!

As there appears no chance of the organist being ousted from his perch, there is little Mr. Jones can do about it. Cotton wool rammed firmly in the ears might relieve his sufferings somewhat, or if he preferred, he could keep out the sounds by clashing loudly on a pair of cymbals as soon as the organ was in full spate. The latter method, however, is to be recommended only if one visits the pictures on the commissionaire's evening off.

More plaintive than pugnacious is Miss M. H., of London, W.1. "Why," she demands searchingly, "do so many householders show such a ghastly lack of originality when they name their houses?

"The suburbs are littered with 'The Laurels,' 'The Cedars,' and 'The Larches.' 'Belmont's' and 'Balmoral's' are as thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, while no self-respecting district is complete without its 'Chez Nous' and 'Mon Abri.' If only more intelligence, imagination and artistry were shown when names were chosen, this old land of ours would be a fairer place. Can't you use your influence in this respect?"

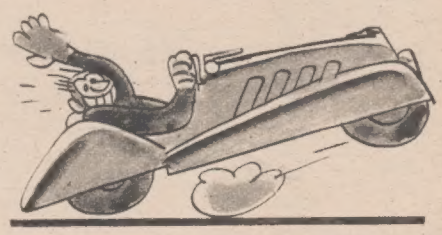
We can never refuse a lady anything, especially when she flatters our omnipotence, so we put the master-mind to work in an effort to oblige as per her request to hand. Several great thoughts for the day have materialized, but each and every one seems to be burdened with an outsize in snags. For instance, it would be a good idea if every District Council were to appoint a select committee to suggest and advise the new tenant. But from what we know of District Councils, it would be impossible to elect a body of able-minded citizens who would work together in harmony and all agree on one name.

Then again, even if householders could be compelled to take appropriate and original names for their dwellings, the march of time and the activities of the builder would soon muss up things. A few full-blooded winter fogs, and "White Walls" would be white no longer, while the "Lone Cot" of today may well be the bus stop of tomorrow, with a cinema on one side and a row of shops on the other.

We share Miss M. H.'s regret that something drastic cannot be done, although Miss Psyche Sock, the Sprung Poetess—affectionately known to the *literati* as the Metrical Menace—to whom we turned with the desperation of a drowning man clutching at a straw, refused to subscribe to our despondency. Taking a strong pull at her paregoric lozenge, she declaimed, loudly and defiantly:

The housikins where Cupid lives
Needs no twee name upon its gate,
For where, oh where, can be the sense
In labelling a residence
So sweetly blessed by Fate?
Its name stands clear to one and all,
For "LOVE"'s writ large on every wall.

Latest reports from the hospital state that Miss Sock is progressing as favourably as can be expected.



And mention of progress brings us to the letter that Mr. S. Chawner of Worthing has just fired in to us. "As a young man," he declares, "I am a speed fan—and proud of it. Not only do I want to go places, but I want to go to them faster than anyone else can. Yet when I mention my perfectly reasonable ambition to my elders, they are filled with pious horror and make pointed remarks about road-hogs, speed maniacs and potential suicides.

"This," continues Mr. S. Chawner, more in anger than in sorrow, "is darned unfair, for this country is spending thousands to capture and retain the air, water and land speed records, and our newspapers make a great song about it all. The only fun there is in travel lies in getting a move on, yet if I am to believe all I'm told, I am a vandal for wanting to travel faster than a hearse."

Nowadays, however, the quick are all too often the dead!

We strongly advise the impetuous Mr. Chawner to turn to page 15 of this issue and read about the cars of an earlier, but quite as exciting, motor era. Then he will realize that motoring could be fun even when it is not a menace to driver and pedestrian alike.

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss

If FRANCES DAY offered you a cigarette, it would be a

De Reszke

-of course !

MINORS PLAIN, CORK, OR RED-TIPPED

15 FOR **6**D

The 10-minute smoke for those who prefer ***'something better'***

MAJORS (large size) 10 for 6d • TURKS 10 for 6d
AMERICANS (hand made) 25 for 1/10

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1 ● *Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.*

THE VOGUE *of the* SOLITAIRE

Or SINGLE STONE RING IS GROWING RAPIDLY. ITS VERY SIMPLICITY PLACES IT IN HIGH FAVOUR. IT ALSO AFFORDS AN OPPORTUNITY TO JEWELLERY CRAFTSMEN TO DESIGN THOSE LOVELY MOUNTS THAT ARE A FEATURE OF BRAVINGTONS SOLITAIRE RINGS.

The mode of to-morrow. Mount of Pure Platinum. with Baguette Cut Diamonds. Beautiful White Solitaire Diamond.

£20·0·0

The perfect solitaire. Specimen Diamond of finest quality. Richly carved mount of Pure Platinum.

£30·0·0

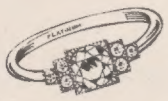
The Arrow Model. Choice White Diamond with Diamond Set arrows. 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum.

£9·0·0

A magnificent ring. Lustrous White Specimen Diamond with Baguette Cut Diamonds in a nicely carved mount of Pure Platinum.

£40·0·0

10,000 Rings from which to choose your favourite

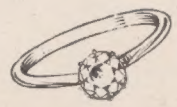


A special mount of Pure Platinum Selected White Diamond with 6 Diamonds in setting.

£12·0·0

A Special Offer 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum. White Diamond and Diamond Shoulders.

£5·0·0



A Graceful Ring. Specimen Diamond Platinum and 18 carat Gold.

£11·0·0

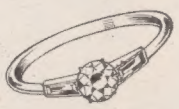
POST ORDERS
ATTENDED TO BY AN EFFICIENT STAFF

A neat design. Fine White Diamond Diamond Shoulders 18 carat Solid Gold and Platinum.

£16·0·0

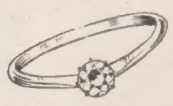
A Fine square setting White Diamond. Diamond Shoulders 18 carat Solid Gold and Platinum.

£7·15·0



Special Value. 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum. White Diamond. Diamond Shoulders

£6·6·0



A neat Solitaire. Fine Diamond. Nice mount of 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum.

£5·10·0

A very striking mode. Smart mount of Platinum and 18 carat Solid Gold. Lustrous White Solitaire Diamond. Diamond Shoulders.

£7·0·0

Claw Set White Solitaire Diamond, with side Diamonds in a choice mount of Pure Platinum.

£13·10·0

The Solitaire Cross-Over. 18 carat Solid Gold & Platinum. White Diamond. Diamond Shoulders.

£8·8·0

An inexpensive ring. with Platinum Shoulders. White Diamond. 18 carat Solid Gold.

£6·0·0

Of elegant design Pure White Diamond Diamond Shoulders Dainty mount of Pure Platinum

£15·0·0

White Diamond Neat Platinum shoulders. 18 carat Solid Gold.

£6·0·0

For those who require a very valuable ring we have selected this superb example From our stock. Lustrous White Diamond in Fashionable mount of Pure Platinum with matched Baguette Cut Diamonds **£110·0·0**

FREE INSURANCE GIVEN
with every ring of £5 and over covering against Theft, Loss or Damage. *Claims promptly settled.*

An all Platinum Ring with a Fine White Diamond and shoulder Diamonds

£12·12·0

A special offer. White Diamond. Platinum Shoulders. 18 carat Solid Gold.

£4·10·0

WE GIVE BEST PRICES FOR OLD GOLD, SILVER
DIAMONDS AND JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
OR A GOOD ALLOWANCE IN EXCHANGE

BRAVINGTONS LTD.

The Cash Jewellers for over Hundred Years

Chief Store **KINGS CROSS. N.1.** (2 DOORS FROM L.N.E.R TERMINUS (OPEN UNTIL 9 P.M. ON SATURDAYS)

189 BROMPTON R^D. S.W.3. (LOOK FOR CLOCK ON SOUTH SIDE.)

6. GRAND BLDGS, STRAND, W.C.2 FACING TRAFALGAR SQUARE

71 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4. (UNDER THE RAILWAY ARCH)

22 ORCHARD STREET, W.1 (100 YARDS FROM OXFORD STREET)

CUT OUT & POST FOR ½^D OR PHONE TERMINUS 3131

COUPON

To BRAVINGTONS LTD. KINGS CROSS. N.1.

Please forward, post free the following:-

RING BOOK | CLOCK BOOK | WATCH BOOK | BRIDE BOOK

CROSS OUT ITEMS NOT REQUIRED.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

P.S. 15. 10. 8.

" We're at sea, my boy, and I'm the boss on this packet," said Captain Brown

YOUNG AMES MEETS THE BOAT

It was in the gallant days before the ocean telegraph. A fortune and a pretty girl's favour hung precariously on the adventuring of a sea-sick boy in a row-boat

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

SIPPING his matutinal cup of hot water before the counting room stove, Mr. McVitty, the elderly chief clerk of Chevalier, Deming & Post, remarked, irritably, to young Ames, "The habits of ships are unaccountable, unjustifiable, irresponsible and perverse, like women. It's a pity that nobody has thought of anything better."

Young Ames, who was busy filling the desk boxes with metallic sand, said mechanically, "Yes, sir."

"We've had no foreign advices in seventy-one days from Liverpool. Seventy-two from London. Seventy-five from Paris. It's immoral," said Mr. McVitty. "I've been here fifty years in this office, and I've never seen anything like it."

"No, sir," said young Ames.

"Trade's become as cautious as treacle on a frosty morning," said Mr. McVitty. "The city's going to pieces and the nation is no better. Nothing's healthy except that madman in Washington and he's drunk, I don't doubt, the horse-racing wastrel." Mr. McVitty pulled out his bulging, tortoise-shell watch. "And you're late, Ames. It's time you had the sidewalk swept off instead of lally-gagging and loafing in front of the fire."

Young Ames was glad to take the sidewalk broom from its pegs. As the most junior clerk of the counting room force he had what Gibbs, the translator, called the housework, to do. He had already run up to the Exchange to catch the northern mail at six o'clock with letters to Albany, and the telegraph bulletins had been as bare of news as they had for over a month. He clattered down the stairs and began to sweep the sidewalk.

Young Ames, having completed the southern frontage of Number 42 South Street, paused for a moment to look at the sky. There was a big wind making up, he thought, and he lifted his thin, freckled face and sniffed a deep-sea smell in the air. The small waves of the East River lapped the dock piles with an icy, spiteful sound and the sparse shipping creaked as if the cold were in its oaken bones. New York, at the end of January, 1834, was not the thriving city of quick fortune it had seemed when he had arrived in November, but the body of a city with its bones bare for the wind to blow through.

Young Ames leaned on the broom, shivering a little as the cold bit through his frayed jacket of country tweed and stiffened his sandy hair, and he thought for the moment that a fortune for someone without a penny or relation to his name might be a long way off.

But, anyway, he hadn't been fired for going to call on Miss Chevalier in the boss's brand new coat. The blood rose in the back of his neck as it did whenever he thought of that episode or when Gibbs reminded him of it. Mr. Chevalier must realize that he was pretty useful to the firm to let him stay, he thought. It didn't occur to him that the niece might have put in a word for him, but if it had he would not have been completely displeased. He thought of her for a moment as she had stood beside him in her uncle's drawing-room, confronting the old gentleman, lovely in her deep rose dress, faintly perfumed and suppressing her amusement heroically; and he wondered how many thousand dollars he would have to make before he could get up his nerve to ask her, and then how many thousand more before he could get up his nerve to ask her mother, or Mr. Chevalier. Wentz, the junior clerk of Pruyn & Co., Chevalier's most active competitor, appeared on the scene.

"Business is getting bad, Ames. The latest I hear is that Lamar and Phisterer are backed against the wall."

"I heard about that yesterday," said young Ames, unguardedly.

Wentz whistled. "Then it's true. Did they try to do business with you?"

Young Ames was ready to kick himself. "No," he said, "we're not having any." God, he thought, if Mr. McVitty knew about this, he'd get a combing from him; for the fact of the matter was that Mr. Chevalier, to do old Mr. Lamar a favour, had bought one of his barques, the *Lily Dean*, out now on the Liverpool run, for thirty thousand dollars.

(*please turn over*)

It had caused Mr. McVitty a great deal of alarm, for it was the first ship Chevalier, Deming & Post had ever owned, and no doubt it contributed to his remarks of this morning on the habits of ships.

Wentz now said, "No offence, Ames. I just heard a rumour. Naturally, Chevalier wouldn't buy one of those tubs any more than we would. No special news on the bulletin?" he added casually.

Young Ames grinned inside.

"It's there for anyone that wants to go up," he said. "Of course, more may have come in since."

"Good God," exclaimed Wentz. "A boat's in? Which one? I've been running up there so often this past week I've left tracks in the cobbles. The boss is getting edgy about this lack of foreign advices. It's the *Crawford,* I expect. When did she come in?"

Young Ames was beginning to enjoy himself thoroughly.

"They didn't say."

Wentz pretended to linger for a moment, remarked on the heavy sky and said something more about trade, and then gave it up and whipped back into his own door.

Young Ames watched him go with a wide grin on his freckled face.

"Ames," said a voice just behind him. "Was that Pruyn's clerk you were gossiping with?"

His grin froze and he turned slowly to encounter Mr. Post, the junior partner. He said, "Yes, sir."

Mr. Post stood straight and square in his black greatcoat with the false capes. He was a sober man with an uncompromising wooden face.

"Since you've finished the walk," he rasped, "come in with me."

Young Ames followed the stiff figure up the long stairway. Though he knew he was likely to get a lecture, he didn't lose his cockiness. He didn't see where he had done anything wrong except let out that news about Lamar, which Pruyn's knew already. As for the rest, anything that he might do to harass and confuse Pruyn & Co. seemed perfectly all right to him.

"Close the door, Ames," said Mr. Post. He was already seated at his desk and his face was forbidding. "I overheard your conversation as I came round the corner," he said. "I recognized the fact that you were talking to an employee of a rival firm. It was my duty to listen. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Post cleared his throat.

"Why did you tell the clerk all that rigmarole about the *Crawford?*"

"I didn't tell him anything. *He* did all the talking." Young Ames could not help grinning; but Mr. Post did not find it amusing. He raised his eyes from young Ames' shabby waistcoat to his face. "You've too much imagination," he said. "I don't think you meant to say anything to injure the firm; let us hope that you haven't."

"But, sir, I only said I had been up to the bulletins. I didn't say anything. *He* thought the *Crawford* must have come in."

"Exactly," said Mr. Post, without even a glimmer of amusement in his wooden face. "That's the trouble. Pruyn will send the clerk up again for further bulletins. When he gets there he'll wonder just what our game is. He'll report to Pruyn and Pruyn will be on the stretch to find out what we have up our sleeve. We don't know yet whether we have anything up our sleeve, of course, but if we have, it's going to be the devil to keep them from finding out."

The freckles began to stand out in young Ames's face as his colour drained.

"What do you mean?" he asked abruptly.

"God in heaven!" said Mr. Post, looking hard at him. "I thought you'd been up there."

"There wasn't any news when I was there, sir."

"There is now. A Liverpool packet's reported off Sandy Hook. I don't understand it myself, but she happens to be the *Lily Dean.*"

"Good God!" said young Ames.

"Exactly," said Mr. Post. "She's our boat now."

"You mean she may have news from Liverpool bearing on the market?"

"Exactly," repeated Mr. Post.

"Nobody's buying cotton," young Ames muttered. "It's been practically warehoused since the end of November."

For an instant the woodenness disappeared from Mr. Post's face; young Ames, meeting his eyes, had a queer feeling that he and Mr. Post were alike in their determination to get on top.

"We've got to get aboard her and find out," he said.

"That's obvious."

"I'll need the bill of sale, all the papers, sir, and a note to the captain telling him I'm in charge."

Mr. Post stared. "Have you gone crazy?"

"No, sir, but I'm going down the bay and get aboard her before she comes in," said young Ames, and then caught himself. "If you'll give me permission, Mr. Post."

"What can that accomplish?"

"Good God, don't you see?" young Ames cried, excitedly. "If she's got news of a jump in the market, we'll hold her out in the bay till nearly dark, before bringing her in." His voice became heated. "Tomorrow's Sunday, Mr. Post, and no banks open. If anything is up, Chevalier's will have a full day to beat the mails."

"How will you get to the ship, Ames?"

"I'll take the Wall Street Ferry and hire a cab in Brooklyn. I can get to New Utrecht in an hour. Then I'll get a boat and board the packet in the Narrows."

Mr. Post said, "You may drown, and there may be nothing in it anyway. But go get McVitty. Tell him to bring the papers and the seal of the firm."

The boat was pitching like a cork and young Ames, crouched in the bow, was eating spray at every dip.

It terrified him. He was sure that every downhill slide would take them under and he could feel the packet of papers (thoughtfully wrapped in oil silk by Mr. McVitty) against his narrow chest under the tight buttoned jacket.

He saw a wave materializing out of nothing, reaching towards them, taking them on its shoulder; and he turned aft to see it slide out from under, rise behind them and vanish into the white oblivion. Suddenly he felt small and mournful. Even suppose there was a chance for a corner in cotton, and he held the ship in the bay until the mails were closed, so that Chevalier, Deming & Post did get the first whack at it, John Ames's moment would go by like the waves. On Monday he would be just young Ames to empty the scrap baskets, sweep the walk, and run over to DeCamp's after ink, pens and paper. Then he saw that the men were only paddling with their oars—at least, that was how it looked to him.

"Hey," he yelled. "What have you stopped for?"

The nearer one, who answered the name of Bill Doaks, if he felt like it, turned a crimson face with a spray-crusted, stained moustache.

"Hey?" he yelled back.

Young Ames scrambled perilously back to him.

"Why don't you keep on ahead?"

"Where's ahead?" He banged his feet on the bottom, and the second boatman listened to a report, and they both laughed uproariously and went back to their steady paddling strokes.

Young Ames realized he had been a fool. In this wet, white blindness they could not see where they were going. Now as he watched them he saw that they were keeping the boat pointed steadily in the wind. He settled back with a deep breath and felt the cold strike in.

But she rode through suddenly into a clear grey clamour of pure wind, and Mr. Doaks looked round again, his red face looking squeezed, and yelped, "There she is."

At first, young Ames couldn't see anything but the waves, the grey sky, the smear that was Staten Island. Then his eyes turned back to the open sea and he saw the ship, bearing a little to the north.

From the boat she looked lofty and unconcerned. It seemed impossible that she would ever condescend to notice an insignificant, bobbing chip like themselves, let alone pick them up. It frightened young Ames to think of it. He leaned towards the boatman's bushy ear, and yelled, "Do you think she'll stop for us?"

Mr. Doaks, the oarsman, did not turn his head. But his heels banged the bottom and he roared at Jarge. Suddenly both heads turned toward young Ames. Mr. Doaks roared, "You said she'd pick us up, by God."

"I said I had to get on board her," yelled young Ames. "I've got to get on board her."

"You God-damned little limejuiced hogbottom."

"Hail her," yelled the first boatman. "Stand up. Wave to her. Wave your shirt."

The *Lily Dean* seemed to be rushing directly on them, her bows leaning forward, running water like a hound's slaver over a bone; and the sound of her approach was louder than destruction. Young Ames, white and numb, made shift to stand and wave his arms.

"Hey!" His voice sounded feeble as a duckling's peep. The *Lily Dean* loomed over him with a crashing of yards and waves to smother all sound but her own.

Then Jarge let loose a bellow that would have stopped a fleet. "Ahoy!" he roared. "Ahoy the *Lily Dean?*"

Some of the crew were leaning over the rail. He saw ropes being let down to the water. A man in the stern with a cap on his head and a long red muffler round his neck roared through a speaking trumpet. It was like a miracle in the crack of doom to see her come around.

Just how he and the boat and the boatmen were taken aboard the *Lily Dean* was never clear in young Ames's mind. He had a vague impression of a voice bellowing from the stern; of himself telling the man in the red muffler that he would talk to the master of the vessel and nobody else, and that he would talk to him right away; of being haled down a steep companionway and finding himself at last in a reeking hot cabin, with the man in the red muffler, who in some fantastic manner turned out to be Captain Brown, asking him bitterly what in the name of several deities all this was about.

"What's the price of cotton, in Liverpool?" young Ames asked.

The Captain, who had a heavy, studious sort of face, drew a painful breath.

"Who the hell are you?" he asked.

"I forgot," stuttered young Ames, through chattering teeth. "Here's the papers. Our firm's bought your boat from Lamar."

(*please turn to page* 26)

" Post and I have talked it over. Post agreed with me. We've decided that it is better that none of the firm go. It would create comment

SAILOR ON HORSEBACK

IRVING STONE tells the thrilling and adventurous life story of JACK LONDON

An able seaman on the schooner *Sophie Sutherland*, Jack was just seventeen when this picture was taken

HAVE you read that superb dog story, "The Call of the Wild"? Have you thrilled over "The Valley of the Moon" and felt the salt tang of the sea as you followed "The Cruise of the Snark"? If so, you must have found yourselves speculating as to what sort of man was their author, Jack London, whose gusty, vigorous style was so distinctive.

A born adventurer, he was equally at home riding on the roofs of railway coaches as a tramp, facing the hardships of a prospector's life in Alaska during the gold rush of 1896, and as a sailor battling against the seas in a condemned ship of his own design. A lusty fighter, he was at his best when the odds were heaviest against him, and his early experiences as one of the underdogs not only provided him with the material for many of his finest stories but made him one of the most vehement and powerful socialists of his time.

Born on January 12, 1876, in San Francisco, he was the son of an itinerant Irish astrologer, Professor W. H. Chaney and Flora Wellman, the black sheep of a distinguished Ohio family, who had thrown in her lot with Chaney after running away from home. The astrologer deserted Flora shortly before the birth of her child, and the abortive attempt at suicide which she then made was widely publicised in the press. As a result, Chaney always firmly refused to admit paternity when, in later years, Jack London questioned him on the subject.

Eight months after the birth of her son, Flora married John London, a widower with two daughters, one of whom, Eliza, was to be Jack's most loyal friend and helper to the very day of his tragic death. During his boyhood, the London finances underwent many setbacks due, chiefly, to his mother's wild dreams of acquiring riches easily, and Jack was forced to earn his living as best he could.

A love of the sea soon made him a daring and skilful navigator, and many of his stories, notably "The Sea Wolf" and "The Cruise of the Snark," reveal his love and knowledge of sailing. It was, however, the days he spent in Alaska during the hectic gold rush that provided him with much of his best material, and such stories as "The Call of the Wild," "White Fang" and "Children of the Frost," were to be read the world over. His keenly-seeing eye, his ability to present characters and incidents free from the false sentimentality that was so fashionable in popular fiction in his early days, and his personal courage enabled him to overcome all obstacles that barred the way to success.

But the man who once said: "Dig will move mountains faith never dreamed of," was unable to enjoy the sweets of victory. Battened upon by a swarm of sycophants, spongers and swindlers; parted from his first wife and estranged from his children; his financial affairs in a hopeless tangle and his once glowing health sapped by illness and heavy drinking bouts, Jack London's life raced to an unhappy close. And the tragedy which wrote "Finis" to the story of as glamorous and colourful a character as the literary world has ever known provides a moving epilogue to "Sailor on Horseback."

WHEN he was thirteen, Jack London had scraped together, from special odd jobs about which he told Flora nothing, the twenty-four shillings necessary to buy a second-hand skiff. When he had been able to accumulate seven-and-sixpence he painted it a gay colour; another month of odd jobs provided him with the eight shillings for a sail; and when he finally put together the six shillings for a pair of oars, the world was wide open for him to explore.

He took ever longer sails on San Francisco Bay, going out on ebb tide to Goat Island for rock-cod, and coming in on the flood at evening; shipping water in the wake of ferry boats; singing sailor chanties. "Blow the Man Down" and "Whisky, Johnny, Whisky" while the winds white-capped the strong tides and splashed him with spray; and crossing the bay in his open skiff in a roaring south-wester, with the scow schooner sailors telling him he lied because it couldn't be done.

He was not only fearless, he was foolhardy; the worse the weather the greater chances he took, for he was not afraid of the sea. Floundering always in his mind to learn what he was, he liked to tell himself that he was a Viking, descendant of those mighty sailors who crossed the Atlantic in an open boat; that he was an Anglo-Saxon, a member of a fighting race, afraid of nothing. And because he was afraid of nothing, because he seemed to have an affinity for the sea, he became one of the expert small-boat sailors on the treacherous bay.

On Sunday afternoons when he took his skiff for a sail, or hung around the waterfront, he became acquainted with the oyster pirates, a hard-drinking crew of adventurers who raided the privately owned oyster beds in Lower Bay, and sold their booty for good prices on the Oakland docks. Jack knew that they rarely made less than £5 for a night's work, and that a man who owned his own boat could clear £40 on a single catch. When he overheard that French Frank, one of the older pirates, wanted to sell his sloop, the *Razzle Dazzle*, Jack's mind was made up. He would buy it! He who had inherited from his father the passionate desire to be quit of the brutish labour of the machines, also inherited from his mother the disregard for that discipline which to his working comrades dictated that they remain fast by their honest if bestial jobs.

But where was he to get £60; he who had never known anything but poverty? Straight he ran to Mammy Jenny, the negress who had looked after him when he was a baby. Would she lend her white child the money? *Would she!* What Mammy Jenny had was his.

The following Sunday Jack rowed out to the *Razzle Dazzle*, joined a party that was going full blaze, and made his offer. On Monday morning he met French Frank in the "Last Chance" saloon, paying over Mammy Jenny's bright twenty-dollar gold pieces. No sooner was the deal wetted down with his first drink of whisky than he ran all the way to the dock, broke out anchor and filled away on the three mile beat to windward out into the bay. The breeze blew its tang into his lungs and curled the waves in mid-channel. Before it, came the scow schooners, blowing their horns for the drawbridges to open. Red-stacked tugs tore by, rocking the *Razzle Dazzle* in their wake. A sugar bark was being towed from the boneyard to the sea. The sunwash was on the water, and life was big. There it was, the smack and slap of the spirit of revolt, of adventure and romance.

Tomorrow he would be an oyster pirate, as free a freebooter as the century and the waters of San Francisco Bay would permit. He would take his grub and water on board in the morning, hoist the big mainsail and beat his way out of the estuary. Then he would slack sheets, and on the first of the flood run down the bay to Asparagus Island and anchor off shore. And at last his dream would be realized, he would sleep upon the water.

To his amazement, Jack found that when he had purchased the *Razzle Dazzle* from French Frank for £60 he had also inherited Mamie, queen of the oyster pirates. She had been French Frank's girl, and had fallen in love with the handsome, open-faced boy the day before when he had boarded the *Razzle Dazzle* to make the deal. Mamie was sixteen, a wild-spirited, good-looking waif. Jack said that she was warm and kind, and that she made him a real home in the little cabin of the *Razzle Dazzle*, the first congenial home he had ever known. Jack was the youngest skipper in the fleet, the only one who sailed with a woman on board. This caused a sensation and forced him not only to fight with several skippers to keep his girl, but nearly cost him his life at the hands of French Frank.

That night Jack took part in his first raid on the oyster beds. A black-whiskered wharf rat by the name of Spider, who had been working on the *Razzle Dazzle*, agreed to stay with him as his crew. Big George, Young Scratch Nelson, Clam, Whisky Bob, Nicky the Greek and a dozen other men, big and unafraid, some of them ex-convicts, assembled in sea boots and gear, revolvers strapped about their waists. Their plans laid, the flotilla set out under cover of darkness. It was the big June run-out of the full moon; the fleet lowered its small boats in the Lower Bay and rowed until they hit the soft mud. Jack nosed his skiff upon the shore side of a big shoal, opened his sack and began picking.

In quick time the sack was full and he had to return to his boat for a new one. At dawn he raced back for the early morning market in Oakland, sold his oysters to the saloon and inn keepers, and found that he had made as much in one night as he had by working for three months in the cannery where he had been employed. To the boy's mind it had been a glorious adventure. He paid Mammy Jenny back part of her loan, the balance he turned over to Flora for the household.

As the weeks passed he won his spurs among the toughest of the oyster pirates. When French Frank tried to run him down with his schooner and get Mamie back, Jack stood on the deck of the *Razzle Dazzle*, a cocked shotgun in his hands as he steered with his feet and held her to the course, compelling his fifty-year-old adversary to put up his wheel and

Flora Wellman London, the discarded wife and neurotic mother

The "Sailor on Horseback" at about the time "The Call of the Wild" burst upon the reading public

keep away. There was the proud morning when he brought the *Razzle Dazzle* in with a larger load than any other two-man craft; the time the fleet raided in Lower Bay and Jack's was the only craft back at daylight to the anchorage off Asparagus Island; the Thursday night the entire fleet raced to market, and Jack brought the *Razzle Dazzle* in first, without a rudder, to skim the cream of the trade.

When police officers came aboard, Jack opened his choice oysters, served them with squirts of pepper, and bought a lot of beer on credit.

He was a convivial lad. He liked his friends among the pirates, he wanted them to like him. When they drank, he drank; when they got drunk, the fifteen-year-old boy, eager to prove that he was a man, got as drunk as the best of them. Since he had established himself as one of the smartest sailors in the crowd, strong, fearless in a fight, given to gales of gusty laughter, he was accepted as an equal and a pal. But in between raids, when he was tied up to the wharf, he walked to the Oakland library where he had long talks with Miss Coolbrith, the librarian, and selected an armful of books to take with him to the *Razzle Dazzle*. He locked his cabin door so that his companions wouldn't catch him, lay on his back in his bunk and read book after book while he sucked sweets.

Among the oyster fleet there was constant drinking, fighting, stabbing and shooting; boats were stolen, sails burned; there were killings among the partners and crew. To Jack, who was still cramming himself with tales of buccaneers and sea-rovers, sacks of cities and conflicts of armed men, all this was life, raw and naked, wild and free. From the sandpits of the Oakland Estuary where the pirates settled their grievances, where knives flashed and sand was thrown into the eyes of opponents, the way led out to the vastness of adventure of all the world, where battles would be fought for high purposes and romantic ends.

For many months he sailed his *Razzle Dazzle*, repaid Mammy Jenny the £60 he had borrowed from her, supported his family, went on a hundred exciting and perilous adventures among the fisherfolk of the bay, lived happily with Mamie in the cabin of his boat. Then he teamed up with Young Scratch Nelson, a twenty-year-old daredevil with the body of a Hercules. Jack adored the older boy because he was a blue-eyed, yellow-haired, raw-boned Viking. During a drunken brawl in which the entire fleet of pirates participated, Young Scratch was shot through the hand and his boat, the *Reindeer*, beached and ripped open; while Jack got into a fight with Spider, his crew, who set fire to the mainsail of the *Razzle Dazzle* and then deserted. Another crowd of enemy pirates boarded the *Razzle Dazzle*, scuttled, fired and sank her. Jack and Young Scratch joined forces, repaired the *Reindeer*, borrowed money for an outfit of grub from Johnny Heinhold, proprietor of the "Last Chance" saloon, filled their water barrels and sailed on the *Reindeer* for the oyster beds.

Young Scratch's greatest joy was to steer to miss destruction by an inch. Never to reef down was another of his manias, blow high or blow low. They narrowly missed death a thousand times because Young Scratch dared what no one else would think of doing. Jack kept up with his reckless exploits, even attempted to surpass his master, for was not he, too, a Viking, a fearless one?

They roamed, pirated and raided up and down the several hundred miles of waterways of the sloughs, straits and rivers leading into the bay, making as much as £36 for a night's work, but forever broke because the mad devil, Young Scratch, went on blind drinking bouts the moment he reached shore to keep up the high level of excitement he was enjoying in his race with death and the penitentiary. Here, too, Jack felt that he had to keep up with his pal, drink along with him whisky for whisky even though he had no innate taste for liquor, or any desire to get drunk.

One night, broke and thirsty, he sat in the Overland House with Young Scratch waiting for something to turn up.

A pal named Joe Goose dashed in to tell them that there was free booze, as much as they wanted of it, at a political rally in Haywards. All they had to do was wear a red shirt and a helmet and carry a torch in a parade. After the parade, the saloons were opened and the Oakland waterfront gang jammed six deep before the drink-drenched bars. Finding this method of securing drinks too slow, Jack and his pals pushed the bartenders aside and took the bottles from the shelves. They went into the street, knocked the necks off the bottles against the concrete kerbs, and drank.

Joe Goose and Young Scratch had learned discretion with neat whisky, Jack had not. He thought that since it was free he should drink all he could hold. During the course of the night he consumed more than two quarts. When the time came to go back to Oakland he was burning internally, in an agony of suffocation. On the train he broke a window with his torch to get air, but this precipitated a gang fight and he was knocked unconscious. He awakened seventeen hours later in a waterfront lodging house where he had been dumped by Young Scratch, so close to death that he was within an inch of fulfilling the waterfront prediction that he would not last out the year.

After each bout with Young Scratch he would creep into the cabin of the *Reindeer*, sick from the whisky, lock the door behind him and open his books, to be made well again by the new, fresh copies of Kipling's *Light That Failed*, Conrad's *Lord Jim*, Shaw's *An Unsocial Socialist*, Zola's *Germinal* and Gorki's *Three Men*, which a friendly librarian had put away for him when they arrived, still smelling of wet ink, from the publishers.

He was slowly groping towards a break when an accident befell him. He and Young Scratch had made a big haul, and been on a drunk for three weeks, with what Jack called but few intermittent spaces of partial sobriety. At one o'clock in the morning, dead drunk from a bout with a fishing crowd, he tried to stumble aboard his sloop at the Benica pier, and fell in the water. The tides, which sweep through Carquinez Straits as in a mill race, bore him away. He said the blues were heavy upon him; he decided that drowning would be a splendid culmination to his short but exciting career. The water was delicious, and this was a hero's way to die.

When he passed the Salano wharf, where there were lights and people, he cunningly kept quiet.

(*please turn to page* 35)

IN SEARCH OF A HERO

When Longshanks and Father Francis set out to find a hero, in accordance with a friend's best wishes, they found where there's a will there's a way opened to trouble

BY FRANCIS FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY L. G. ILLINGWORTH

"THE late Mr. Musson evidently had a high opinion of you, Father Francis," the solicitor said, peering at me over his spectacles, "and because of that he has put a very difficult and delicate task on your shoulders."

I sighed, for I had no desire for either difficult or delicate tasks. Moreover, I was somewhat preoccupied with a worry of my own. Since the funeral of Mr. Isaac Musson, Longshanks had disappeared; and when Longshanks disappears, trouble, I have learnt from experience, is almost bound to follow.

"Mr. Musson's will," the lawyer went on, "is dated a fortnight before his death; it was obviously drawn up, in fact, when he knew that he was about to die and was written without my knowledge. Its validity is not in question, I may say."

I was looking out of the window, wondering what had happened to Longshanks and whether he would be back before nightfall. I was worrying because we had planned to make an early start for the pleasant village of Runnageford, which was a few miles distant, on the morrow's morning.

"I'd better explain that for several weeks prior to his death the late Mr. Musson was worried on account of his nephew, Peter," the lawyer continued. "In a former will Peter was the principal beneficiary. In the present and final one he has been left very little, although he is Mr. Musson's sole living relative.

"The reason for this is not referred to in the will," Mr. Dalrymple went on, "but Mr. Musson mentioned the matter to me privately, and since I think he would have desired you to know it, I will tell you in confidence. This Peter is a young man of twenty-five. He has lived comfortably here at Long Dimpling with Mr. Musson since he left school—Mr. Musson was his guardian—and he has always expected to inherit his uncle's wealth. Perhaps because of this expectation he is—er—shall we say?—a little lacking in—er—backbone.

"Please don't misunderstand me," Mr. Dalrymple hastened to continue. "I tell you this because, if you accept the trust which Mr. Musson has put upon you, you will have considerable responsibility where this same young man is concerned.

"If you agree to Mr. Musson's request, you are to receive the sum of five thousand pounds, to be devoted to any charitable or religious purpose you may decide upon."

"Five thousand pounds!" I exclaimed, my interest now fully aroused.

"Apart from a bequest to Mrs. Dumfrey, the late Mr. Musson's housekeeper," the lawyer said, "the distribution of the whole of the rest of the estate is in your hands."

Mr. Dalrymple was obviously glad to note that I was at last impressed. "The sum I mentioned just now—five thousand pounds—is to be your reward for carrying out Mr. Musson's directions," he continued. "Firstly, you are to disburse the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds to the person who,——" He broke off. "I cannot do better than quote what Mr. Musson himself says."

Mr. Dalrymple picked up the document and began to read:—

"Knowing the said Reverend Father Francis as I do, I feel sure that he will not refuse to carry out this mission. I direct that he shall be solely responsible for the disbursement of £25,000, this sum to be paid by him, at his entire discretion, to the person who, in his experience and judgment, shall prove himself most worthy of it by some act of heroism, or for any other estimable reason, within the three calendar months following my decease."

"But what an extraordinary bequest!" I exclaimed.

Mr. Dalrymple looked at me keenly. "It does seem extraordinary," he agreed, "but you may find a connection between this and the next bequest. It concerns this house—with its contents—and the sum of two thousand pounds which are to go to Mr. Musson's nephew, Peter, provided he accompanies you on your wanderings." The lawyer smiled at me. "Well, to continue. Peter is to receive two thousand pounds and this house and its contents provided he accompanies you on your wanderings for not less than three months. The point at issue is: Do you accept this dual commission?

"Your reward of five thousand pounds is conditional on your accepting Peter as a fellow traveller," the lawyer added, with considerable point.

I sighed. "I suppose I must," I said. Then a thought occurred to me. "You said," I reminded him, "that there was a connection between the two bequests. I'm afraid I can't see it at the moment, except that three months is stipulated in each."

"It was wrong of me perhaps to suggest a connection," Mr. Dalrymple said. "I am hoping, however, that you'll see what it is when the three months have expired."

I pondered this for some time without gaining enlightenment. Then of a sudden I thought of something else.

"Finding a person worthy to inherit twenty-five thousand pounds is a tremendous responsibility," I pointed out. "Supposing I fail?"

"In that case," answered Mr. Dalrymple, "the deceased directs that the sum be paid to his housekeeper, Mrs. Dumfrey."

"It's rather dreadful to think she'll lose all that money if I contrive to find a hero," I said, smiling wryly. "Mr. Musson evidently thought well of her."

"Frankly," said Mr. Dalrymple, "I hope you will find someone. I'm being very indiscreet, I know, but you will respect my confidence. I am afraid that whatever money Mrs. Dumfrey may get will find its way into the pockets of her son, Percy. He's——"

Despite the importance of what the lawyer was saying I regret to state that I did not hear more, for of a sudden I had caught the sound of familiar footsteps outside, and glancing out of the window I saw Longshanks coming up the drive. I forgot to mention, by the way, that the interview was taking place in the late Mr. Musson's house.

"Longshanks at last!" I exclaimed happily. "Will you excuse me a moment?" I opened the window and craned out. "Longshanks, you bad fellow," I called, "where have you been?."

He did not answer, but I heard him enter the house, and presently he came into the room, pulling off his shapeless hat as he did so. I introduced him to the lawyer. Then:

"I've been with Mr. Thingmebob," Longshanks answered in much complacence.

"His real name's Perry-Fortescue-Perry," Longshanks explained, "but it's such a mouthful that everyone calls him Mr. Thingmebob—or sometimes, when they've time, Mr. Thingummybob. He's a most interesting old gentleman and is the proprietor and operator of a sort of puppet show. His daughter——"

"So he has a daughter, has he?" I interrupted sarcastically. "Presumably she is called Miss Thingmebob?"

"By no means," Longshanks answered me. "She's Margaret."

Apprehension filled me. Indeed, I was overcome with dismay.

"I want you to come and meet them," Longshanks went on, "as soon as—" he glanced at Mr. Dalrymple—"as soon as your business is ended. They're on the common."

The heat was unbearable and the crackling roar a terrifying menace. Of a sudden Mr. Thingmebob shouted and pointed to the right into the flames. Before I realized what was happening he had plunged right into the inferno

The lawyer coughed. "I take it," he observed, "that you are willing to act as the late Mr. Musson desired?"

So much disturbed was I by Longshanks's revelation—or rather, by the construction I put upon it—that I was disposed to refuse: then I remembered that my reward for doing what Mr. Musson required would be five thousand pounds which I could devote to any charitable or religious purpose I desired. How could I refuse in the circumstances?

"Yes," I said desperately, for it seemed that all the trouble in the world was being put on my shoulders: "I suppose so."

"And now about Peter," the lawyer said. "Of course, he knows the terms of the will. I had better send for him, hadn't I?"

"It isn't necessary," I said in a worried manner. "I've got to go over to Runnageford in the morning, but I shall be back by midday; then I can pick up the young man."

"I've booked rooms for us at the inn," I told Longshanks. While we were with the lawyer I had told him briefly the terms of the will.

"It looks as though we're going to have an exciting time," he commented.

"Why exciting?" I demanded sourly.

"Well, we shall have plenty of company, what with Mr. Peter Musson and Mr. Thingmebob and Margaret. I suggested to the old gentleman that we might travel together," Longshanks explained innocently. "He's delighted with the idea."

I stopped and stared at him in stupefaction.

"You did *what*?" I exclaimed, and without waiting for an answer: "Most certainly we are not going to travel together," I went on with much warmth. "I dare say Mr. Thingmebob and—and Margaret are altogether admirable people, but——"

"He wants an extra hand—or rather, pair of hands—for his show," Longshanks interrupted. "It isn't an ordinary puppet show. He and Margaret give real plays, but since they've only two hands apiece they're restricted to four characters. So he asked me——"

"Longshanks," I ejaculated, "you've taken leave of your senses. Let me hear no more of this. It's preposterous."

We reached the inn. As I pushed open the door of the bar parlour I heard the words:

". . . and 'e've got twen'y-five thousand quid—twen'y-five thousand, mind you!—to give away to 'oo 'e likes, only it 'as to be to an 'ero. W'y shouldn't 'e give it to someone in Long Dimpling? The Reverend do——"

The voice broke off, and an uncomfortable silence followed as we entered. I looked round the room, recognizing several of the occupants. Jim Kemble, the blacksmith, at once lumbered to his feet with such vigour that he nearly upset a mug of beer from the table and asked in an absurdly mincing tone:

"Kin I get 'ee summat, Feyther?—a drop o' beer, mebbe?"

The man whose ale had been in peril was one George Tolworthy. He swallowed a curse at Jim Kemble's clumsiness.

"There be some as is too forward," he remarked sourly. He edged along the settle and patted its hard surface. "There's room 'ere, yer reverence," he said to me as I looked round seeking a spare seat—"that is," he added, "if 'ee doant mind settin' wi' the likes o' we."

My reverence, though somewhat put out by George's manner, said he would be delighted to share the settle, and also to drink beer at Jim Kemble's expense; wherefore I sat down alongside George Tolworthy, and Longshanks found a seat betwixt the local carrier, Joe Horsnail, and Job Dukey, a cowman who hastily made room for him.

A strained silence settled on the bar parlour while Jim Kemble obtained drinks for Longshanks and myself.

"'Ave P.C. Tombs bin worriting you lately 'bout that dog o' yourn, Jim?" George Tolworthy asked suddenly.

"Wot dog?" demanded Jim, looking threateningly at his interrogator.

"*Wot dog?*" George Tolworthy mocked. "W'y, *yore* dog, Jim, 'im what do be allus chasin' sheep. I did 'ear——"

"That'll do, George Tolworthy," Jim warned him. "Them as 'as beams in their own *h*eye a'n't got no call to be ark'ard wi' others. 'Ow's yore boy Cyrus gettin' on in the reformat'ry?"

"Dog-läst 'ee, Jim Kemble!" George spluttered. "I'll——"

"Peace, gentlemen!" I bade them. "It isn't like you to be——"

"Beg pardon, yer reverence," George muttered.

"Will 'ee 'ave a bit o' baccy, zur?" Jim asked, producing a piece of black plug from his pocket.

"Gentlefolks don't smoke common truck like that," Joe Horsnail sneered. He produced a packet of cigarettes. "Perhaps——"

"Not for me, thanks," I said.

I drank from the pint mug which stood before me.

"We'd better order some supper, Longshanks," I said. "We must turn in early."

"P'raps yer reverence would take a bite along o' my missus and me?" suggested George Tolworthy. "She be the best cook in Long Dimpling."

"I've got a nice bit o' cold bacon," Jim Kemble said hastily. "P'raps——"

"Sure*lye* y'a'n't salted down that pore ole sow o' yourn wot died o'——?" George Tolworthy began, and was stopped by Jim Kemble, who indignantly denied the imputation.

"Peace, gentlemen!" I begged again. "I wouldn't dream of putting you to trouble on our account. Besides, we want to retire immediately afterwards, for we shall be on our way again at seven tomorrow."

"Be 'ee a-leavin' of us, then, zur?" asked Jim Kemble.

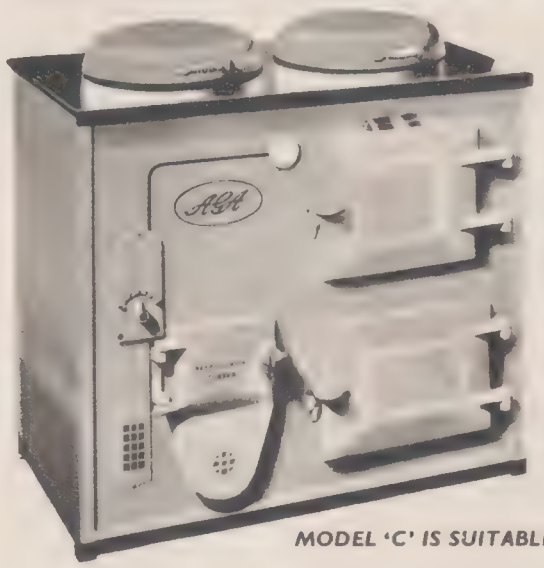
"Well, we've got to go to Runnageford early tomorrow morning. We ought to be back here

(*please turn to page* 13)

NOW you can buy an AGA COOKER

REGD TRADE MARK

including 4 Years' Fuel FOR 7/11 A WEEK



MODEL 'C' IS SUITABLE FOR MOST HOUSEHOLDS

Think of it! You can have an AGA cooker in your home now for 7/11 a week and all the fuel it needs for 4 years without extra cost. This is the "AGA 4-YEAR PLAN"—the cheapest way of owning the finest cooker! At the end of 4 years the AGA is yours and then there is only fuel to pay for. And the fuel consumption of the AGA cooker is *guaranteed not to exceed a certain fixed amount*—the lowest in the world. The AGA needs fuelling only once in 12 hours, yet it is always instantly ready to cook anything—first thing in the morning, last thing at night—because every cooking point is *kept* at the correct temperature. Of all stoves the AGA is the most economical and *the one that gives you most leisure.*

The acquisition of an AGA cooker is, of course, subject to an initial payment —for delivery, erection and insurance only.

POST COUPON NOW *for particulars of the* **"AGA 4-YEAR PLAN"** *— the cheapest way of owning the finest cooker in the world*

Aga Heat Limited, 9 Orchard House, 30 Orchard Street, London, W.1.
Showrooms: 20 North Audley Street, London, W.1. (Telephone: Mayfair 6131)

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

The word AGA is the registered Trade Mark of Aga Heat Limited (Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)

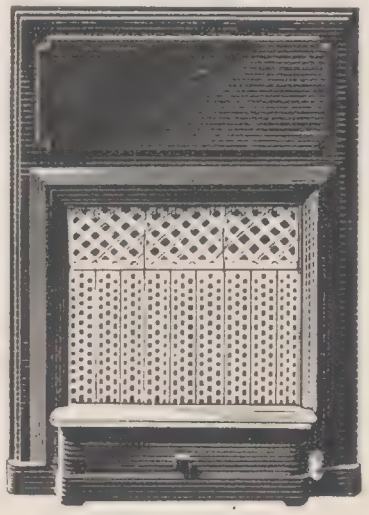
NEWS

Cosy Comfort now costs less

NEW COLOURS NEW DESIGNS NEW RADIANTS
AUTOMATIC LIGHTING

LIGHTER GAS BILLS

When it's only a question of a half-penny between you and cosy comfort—it's obvious that you will want to enjoy the luxury of a 'High Beam' Gas Fire this winter. Because that's all it costs for you to dress in front of a cheerful fire or take breakfast in a comfortably warm room! In fact, so economical are the new 'High Beam' Gas Fires, that you can easily afford to install one in every room of the house.



The 1938 Radiation 'High Beam' Gas Fires are a revelation of efficiency. The new designs give more heat but save one therm of gas in every eight previously used.

A Radiation PRODUCT

High BEAM

TRADE MARK

Self-Lighting GAS FIRES

To:—RADIATION LTD. Dept. H. 21/8
164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.
Please send, post free, illustrated particulars of the new 'High Beam' Gas Fires.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

by midday; then we're leaving finally in the afternoon."

"Goin' to London belike?" Joe Horsnail inquired.

"No," I answered. "If you must know, we're going to Great Worsfold, and we're tramping by way of the common."

"No offence, zur," said Joe Horsnail, in such a contrite voice that I was instantly sorry for my bad temper. Longshanks guffawed unaccountably before I could speak again.

Longshanks and I had our supper in a private room and went to bed at once thereafter. So tired was I that I fell asleep at once and seemed only just to have done so when Longshanks shook me vigorously into wakefulness and I saw the bright, September morning sunlight streaming through the window.

I had calls to make when we arrived at Runnageford—as you will have gathered from my conversation with the lawyer, I held a roving commission to visit all the priestless places in the diocese; hence my presence in this place—and I was unexpectedly delayed, so that instead of getting back to Long Dimpling in time for the midday meal, as we had planned, it was late afternoon before I was free to return. When we set forth I was not a little worried that my careful planning had been upset, for doubtless Peter Musson had been informed by the lawyer that we should be starting for Great Worsfold with him ere now.

As though to add to my trouble, Longshanks, of a sudden, said firmly as we left the village: "We are going back by way of the common, Father."

"That we are not!" I retorted. "We are already late, and——"

But Longshanks took me firmly by the arm and piloted me off the road on to the footpath.

"You wouldn't go to see Mr. Thingmebob last night, and I didn't press the matter because you were worried," he said. "But now you've just got to——"

"How can you, Longshanks?" I reproved him. "I've no desire to see Mr. Thingmebob—a ridiculous name!—or Margaret."

Longshanks smiled. He said nothing, nor did he relax his grip on my arm.

In this wise, therefore, we covered perhaps a mile, and by this time I was not only reconciled to this further delay, but I was beginning to feel that since he had apparently promised to see this absurdly-named man and his daughter again I had been churlish to raise obstacles.

And then I saw the top of an old-fashioned covered wagon, and of a sudden I heard a faint trickle of sound on the fugitive wind.

"A fiddle!" I exclaimed, animatedly because the music, despite the brevity, had been almost painfully sweet.

"Margaret," Longshanks told me.

Again the pang of dismay that had come to me yesterday when he had referred to the girl.

"But, Longshanks," I exclaimed, in much concern, and halting without realizing it, "what is Margaret to——" I stopped as, enthusiastically he pulled me onwards and I heard the fiddle again.

The September afternoon swam in heat; sere leaves on the ancient elms rustled in the light wind. The scent of earth and bracken filled the air; and from somewhere in the distance came the song of a threshing machine. Also, from where late honeysuckle trailed over an elder bush came the drowsy murmur of bees. All these things were mingled in the renewed music of the violin so that my apprehension was stilled.

Then we came to a clearing. Sitting on a rabbit mound was a white-haired man whose face was striking even at a distance and who, despite his rough clothes, was a most distinguished looking person. And leaning against a wheel of the wagon, to which a horse was tethered, stood as fair a maid as I can ever hope to see, a fiddle tucked under her chin and her gaze fixed apparently on the misty downs across the weald. A little distance away was a camp fire, and over it, suspended from a tripod, hung an iron kettle.

The girl sensed our presence at once and looked round. Then she said something, whereat the old gentleman looked round too and rose to his feet.

"This," said Longshanks, without ceremony, "is Margaret."

"How do you do, Miss Perry-Fortes——" I began, struggling with the cumbersome name, which I but vaguely remembered.

"Margaret," she insisted, without self-consciousness and yet without being a whit forward. "We already know you well, Father."

"Yes; Longshanks has told us all about you," the old gentleman said, smiling delightfully. "He's made you seem to us like an old friend. I wish you could have come yesterday."

And now I was completely disarmed—so much so, in fact, that I was almost tongue-tied.

"Did you meet the young gentleman in the car?" Mr. Perry-Fortescue-Perry asked, and when I looked blankly at him: "I gather he'd been searching for you. He said he'd been to Runnageford, where you were supposed to be, and not finding you there, had returned by a different road."

"It must be Peter Musson," I exclaimed. "I suppose he reached Runnageford after we left, and he missed us because we came back along the footpath."

"No doubt," was the answer. "Anyhow, he's returned to Long Dimpling; he asked me to tell you that if I saw you."

Margaret insisted that we had tea—"For the kettle's just on the boil," she said—and although, on account of Peter Musson, I was now doubly anxious to reach Long Dimpling as soon as possible, I had not the heart to refuse. Wherefore, Longshanks and I seated ourselves on the ground, and soon we were joining this odd couple in a meal.

"About our project," Longshanks said suddenly.

I looked at him reproachfully.

"Ah, yes," responded Mr. Perry-Fortescue-Perry.

"Mr. Thingmebob——" Longshanks began again.

"Really, Longshanks!" I exclaimed, for it seemed so discourteous to call the gentleman that name to his face.

"It's just a stunt to attract the women-folk!"

Mr. Perry-Fortescue-Perry apparently had an uncanny faculty for reading people's thoughts, for before I could finish he broke in:

"He's quite right, Father. Everybody calls me 'Mr. Thingmebob' and it's much preferable to my own absurd name." He smiled delightfully. "I accept the nickname as a compliment," he concluded.

My heart warmed to the old gentleman unaccountably, and thenceforth he became "Mr. Thingmebob" to me, too.

"As I was saying," Longshanks went on patiently, after this lengthy interruption, "Mr. Thingmebob wants another pair of hands, and if we enlarged the booth somewhat I could supply them. I've already had two lessons——"

"——and a very good show of it you made," Mr. Thingmebob said, "except that your voice tends to be sepulchral."

And now I was much troubled, for I had not the heart to deny these good people anything, yet my good sense told me that the project was absolutely impossible.

"Our ways may not lie together," I said.

"We have no fixed itinerary," Mr. Thingmebob replied.

I could feel Margaret's eyes on me. I looked up. She was regarding me with a look of pleading which I could not counter.

"Will you let me think about it?" I said weakly and with a guilty look at Margaret. Then I rose to my feet. "We shall have to postpone our departure from Long Dimpling till tomorrow," I went on, "for the hour is late. I take it you are staying here till tomorrow?" I asked Mr. Thingmebob.

He regarded me gravely. "I understand your hesitation, Father," he said, again reading my thoughts. "We had planned to leave here about ten. If I don't hear from you before then I shall know you've decided against the idea. Whether you join us or not I am very glad to have had the honour of meeting you." And this he said without the faintest trace of artifice.

Still more troubled, therefore, I bade the couple farewell. And then I heard the sound of a motor.

We reached the road just as a car rounded the bend. Its driver waved, so that at once I guessed he was Peter Musson. He drew up when he was level, and I appraised him—a difficult feat, for though he was obviously relieved to see us, there was a sulky look on his good-looking but weak face. He threw away a cigarette that was only half smoked, and his voice was agitated when he spoke.

"I thought something had happened to you. I'm Peter Musson. You are Father Francis, aren't you?" He put out his hand tentatively, and when I had shaken it I introduced Longshanks.

"I'll give you a lift back to the village," said the young man.

We entered the car, therefore, and when Peter had turned it, he drove us away. On the crest of a slight rise some distance from the clearing I looked through the back window for a last view of Mr. Thingmebob and his daughter. To my horror I saw fierce flames. The common was alight! Even as I called to Peter to stop I remembered his having thrown away a lighted cigarette just before he had greeted us. The cause of the fire was obvious. The wind had freshened, and the undergrowth was so sere that the cigarette must have ignited it at once.

It was some time before I made Peter understand what was toward; then reluctantly he slowed down and came to a halt.

We were now well over the brow of the slight hill and the flames could not be seen, but black smoke drifted northwards before the wind. The sight stirred Longshanks to unwonted excitement.

"Turn quickly and hurry back!" he shouted to Peter. "Those people are in danger."

Peter took an unconscionably long time to get the car round, the road being narrow and bordered by ditches. Because I could now hear the roar of the flames it was all I could do to prevent myself from leaping out and returning hot-foot. And if anything Longshanks was even more impatient.

At last we were back on the crest of the hill. We looked down on a sea of tossing flames and wreathing black smoke. Peter stopped the car abruptly.

"I can't drive into that," he shouted against the roar. "The car'll catch fire."

Longshanks and I didn't wait to argue. We tumbled out each side of the car and began to run. Somewhere in that inferno were Mr. Thingmebob and Margaret. And as we ran two figures dashed past us in the opposite direction. But they were not those whom we sought. Useless to stop them and enlist their aid. They were past us at once.

Memory paints the dreadful scene with horror. I cannot tell you how we reached the wagon except that we outflanked the flames. Margaret was on the driving seat and Mr. Thingmebob at the horse's head striving to quiet the plunging creature, terrified as it was by the flames and their roar. Evidently it had been harnessed in haste, for it lacked a bridle.

Longshanks ran forward and seizing the animal by ear and underlip in professional fashion, began to run it forward. The wagon, flames licking its tail, lurched and swayed.

The old gentleman was exhausted by his efforts, and was content to leave the management of the horse to the capable Longshanks.

The fire was raging behind and on one side of us. I could see that Longshanks was trying to guide the still terrified horse round the flank of the flames so that the wagon might be brought to the windward of them.

Of a sudden Mr. Thingmebob shouted and pointed to the right into the flames. Before I realized what was happening he had plunged right into the inferno.

God forgive me! I could not follow him. Indeed, the heat in my face was such that I could not even turn in that direction. Margaret screamed. Longshanks had apparently neither seen nor heard him,

(*please turn to page* 29)

Grace - - -

for GREY DAYS and GAY DAYS

It's so grand to wear a SCANDALE elastic net belt or corselet – to have that exquisite sense of graceful lines with absolute comfort. SCANDALE compels the elegance that's always admired – yet you remain almost unconscious of wearing it.

Never rides up even if worn without suspenders.
Indiscernible under the sheerest gown.
Amazingly light, guaranteed washable.

Made in over 40 models and 4 different strengths, there are models for every girl and woman.

SCANDALE

Belts, Trunks and Corselets

Obtainable at all leading stores and corsetières throughout the world, even in the remotest places
Free Illustrated Brochure on request

PETIT & CO. LTD. (Wholesale only), 81 Great Portland Street, London, W.1

YOUR HORSELESS CARRIAGE, SIR!

Mr. T. Holtom, who has been with Vauxhall for fifty years, went in one of these to collect the wages for the staff

Reliability, balance, power, silent running—you'll find all the cars at the Motor Show have them; the cars at the 1903 Show had them, too. In between came progress

BY J. MURRAY SMITH

IT was, without any shadow of doubt, a most raucous voice which smote the wintry air, that crisp January morn. Rising even above the noise made by the motor car which was warily negotiating a slight bend in the gradient, it uttered these extraordinary words: "Whip be'ind! Oi, the kettle's boiling! When yer goin' to make the tea?"

In ordinary fairness it should be admitted that our motorist friend was in a hurry. It was already ten o'clock, and he was determined to view the models at the Crystal Palace—the National Motor Exhibition, you know—and then to leave for Brighton that very afternoon. Perhaps that was why he was ascending the hill at no less a speed than seventeen miles per hour. . . .

You may be tempted to think, in the year 1938, that the cars of 1903 were not to be taken very seriously. Well, don't you believe it. Already the question of putting the various models on show had been dealt with for some years, and the industry had formed its own organization—the now famous Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. The first thing the society did, almost, was to take over the annual display of motor vehicles, thus establishing the principle of a trade putting on a show for its own benefit.

In point of fact, the very first Motor Exhibition to be held in this country, and anywhere else for that matter, was in a building known as the Royal Aquarium, in Westminster. Whether the ancient models were placed in juxtaposition to bowls of goldfish and so on, I have been unable to learn; but it seems fairly certain that about that period a motor car of any kind was enough of an oddity to be an attraction in anything from a baby show to a circus.

For instance, the Agricultural Hall, Islington, staged a Laundry Exhibition in the same year; and there, sure enough, was a proper "Automobile Section" which fairly drew the crowds. Its success the following year was still greater, so that the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland—now the Royal Automobile Club—put on a show in Richmond Park.

In 1899 a gentleman named Cordingly organized a fully-fledged exhibition, limited to motor vehicles, at the Agricultural Hall, which became known after him as "Cordingly's." There was a kind of arena in which demonstrations were given to the unconcealed amazement of the onlookers. At about the same time, a rival show, called the "National," was begun at the Crystal Palace and this the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders later took over, while Cordingly's did not so much die as fade away.

Now we come to the true and honest purpose of this article, which is to inculcate into the minds of modern morons some conception of the blessings of this day and age. This may best be done by comparing a famous make of today, to wit, the Vauxhall, with its counterpart of thirty-five years ago. I have talked at some length with a gentleman who nows sits in a comfortable office amid the vast works at Luton, but who used to ride in an early model to collect the pay-roll of the Vauxhall Iron Works.

For some idea of the contraption in question please study the illustration on this page. It was of five horse-power, which power was generated by a single-cylinder, *horizontal* engine. In those days, mark you, motor cars were beginning to be almost reliable, and a Vauxhall of the period actually travelled from Glasgow to London with only one stop—one *involuntary* stop, that is—to change a plug.

Well, now, the great feature of this flat power unit was its solution of the difficulty that no one then knew how to bore a round hole. It's a fact. Pistons fitted the cylinders of new engines about as accurately as those of more recent models when taken in for a rebore. The Vauxhall, however, had a large inspection plate in the upper surface of the crankcase, which could be removed in next to no time. It was then, a comparatively simple matter,

on any convenient roadside, to undo the big end and take out the connecting-rod and piston.

Get the idea? You just rubbed down the high spots on the walls of the piston, reassembled and continued your journey. A real, *time-saving* idea. Yet so rapid was progress then that within a year or two the company were making vertical four-cylinder jobs that were to become famous for their performance.

The first real motor show, at the Crystal Palace, was a very great event. The official programme of the show was distinguished by a well-worded introduction.

"Nothing is more remarkable," it said, "but at the same time more natural, than the extraordinary hold the sport has taken upon all classes of English society since that dreary day in the winter of 1896 when a scanty, mud-bespattered procession of pioneer enthusiasts found their way through many vicissitudes from London to Brighton. That was barely six years since, and the journey of fifty-two miles was only accomplished by the few entrants who eventually reached their goal after innumerable tinkerings *en route* with unruly mechanism. Today a non-stop run of one hundred miles is happily no uncommon performance."

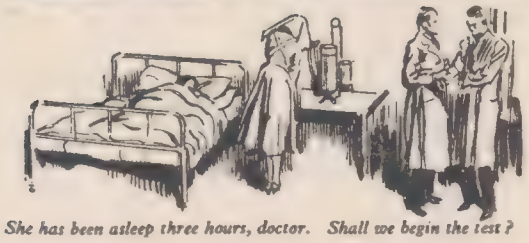
The introduction went on, very rightly, to deplore the "grandmotherly legislation which for so long closed our roads to this important branch of national industry." So long ago as 1903, you notice, the British motor industry is a "national affair."

The first entry in the programme was that of John Marston, Ltd., of Wolverhampton. As follows: "One 'Mabley' car, 2¾ h.p. genuine De Dion water-cooled engine. Two speeds forward. Price £140." Bearing in mind that £140 then was the equivalent of about £500 today you may care to know what you got *then* for £525. "One 'Sunbeam' motor car. 12 h.p. 4 cylinders. Water-cooled. Electric ignition. 4 speeds forward, 1 reverse."

A concern styled "The Continental" offered a six h.p. two-seater, one-cylinder engine, for £165 in the Greek Court, as well as a thirty h.p. Fiat for £1,500. For no apparent reason, the next entries in and around the Greek Court consisted of a range of accessories and lawn mowers, motor cycles and headlamps. "20th Century" was the name of one firm making "headlights," and they put up a brave show of massive, brass oil-lamps of superior finish at £12 10s. apiece.

But one of the most imposing of all the entries in that impressive volume—of which there is now only one copy known to exist—is this: "A CARRIAGE, NOT A MACHINE. We take it that you prefer to travel in an elegant equipage rather than in a cross between a locomotive and a fire-engine." And then there was an illustration of "A Duryea Power Phaeton with hood and storm apron up, 10 B.h.p., weight 8 cwt., £295." Accompanying it was this trenchant announcement: "ONE HAND DOES IT ALL. Steering, controlling speed, change of gear, are all affected by a single hand, which does not release its grip, thus making the Duryea the *simplest* car to drive on the market. Its *silence* is effected by its direct drive from crankshaft to axle, through a *silence self-oiling chain*, no noisy change-speed gear wheels being employed. It carries magneto ignition and batteries, no sparking plugs (responsible for ninety per cent of the motorist's troubles) and no pump. The DURYEA is the car for everyone who does not desire to be the proud possessor of a conglomeration of handles, levers, taps, cocks and other paraphernalia. The LADY'S CAR. The DOCTOR'S CAR. Will travel up hill and down dale, a turn of the wrist operating our throttle control."

They had confidence in their work, those engineers of 1903. And though many of their names are being forgotten, like the De Dietrich and the Duchess and the De Dion Bouton, yet there are others, like Humber and Vauxhall, which flourish to this day.



She has been asleep three hours, doctor. Shall we begin the test?

Doctors and scientists co-operate in hospital tests

AN AMAZING series of tests was made recently in a great London hospital to find out why some people always wake tired, feel run-down, 'nervy.'

Blood was taken from tired, run-down people at night and tested. It was found in every case to contain an excess of acid waste products such as carbon dioxide (CO_2). This excess was activating their brain and nerves, which means that though their bodies were sound asleep their brain and nerves lay wide awake.

When the doctors gave these same people Horlicks at bedtime, it caused complete neutralisation of excess acid waste products. The result was that these people woke refreshed every morning.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

Drayton Mill
HYGIENIC 7D SAFETY
There's no other Toilet Roll that offers such value for money as Medicrape. For 3d. a large-sized Roll, you get the softest of crepe paper —fully medicated, too.
Always ask for
3D
Medicrape
Toilet Rolls

KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

8/- DOWN brings a Riley "Home" Billiard table that will ensure winter nights' enjoyment for the boys and all the family. Balance monthly. 7 Days' Free Trial. Write for Art List, which also shows Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

E. J. RILEY, LTD.,
Glen Works,
ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 13
147 Aldersgate Street,
London, E.C.1.

32 FREE BILLIARD TABLES Ask for details

FREE!
This IMPORTANT GUIDE to SUCCESSFUL ENGINEERING CAREERS
ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES
After months of intensive effort and research, we are pleased to announce that the new edition of our Handbook, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES," is now out of the publishers' hands and ready for *free distribution.*
Containing 268 pages of practical guidance, this book is, beyond argument, the finest and most complete handbook on Successful Engineering Careers ever compiled. It is a book that should be on the book-shelf of every person interested in Engineering, whatever his age, position or experience.
The Handbook contains, among other intensely interesting matter, details of **B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T., A.M.I.R.E., CIVIL SERVICE** and other important Engineering Examinations; outlines courses in all branches of **CIVIL, MECHANICAL, ELECTRICAL, AUTOMOBILE, RADIO, TELEVISION and AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING, BUILDING, GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT, etc.,** and explains the unique advantages of our Employment Department.
POST THIS COUPON NOW
WE DEFINITELY GUARANTEE
"NO PASS—NO FEE"
If you are earning less than £10 per week you cannot afford to miss reading "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES."
In your own interests we advise you to **write** (or forward the coupon) for your copy of this enlightening guide to well-paid posts—**NOW.** There is no cost or obligation of any kind.
BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY
104a, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE,
17, 18 & 19, STRATFORD PLACE,
LONDON, W.1.
TEAR OFF HERE
FREE COUPON
BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY
104a, Shakespeare House, 17-19 Stratford Place, W.1
Please forward **Free of Cost or Obligation** of any kind, your 268-page Handbook, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES."
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

"James, Razvite's improved your skin 100%"
Yes, Ann, your brother certainly was right. Razvite Brushless Shaving Cream has banished the shaving bogey for me. A perfect shave in two minutes instead of ten, and a healthy smooth skin instead of pain and roughness. Razvite saves me eight minutes every morning and has earned me a compliment from you!
RAZVITE
BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM
6D & 1/6 GIANT TIN 2/6
ADVERTISING OFFER. Send 3d. to cover postage and packing and we will send you a large trial tube of Razvite, and details of how to get your 3d. refunded. Write immediately to Razvite Limited, London, N.W.2.

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925).
Few tobaccos could inspire such praise in a public speech, yet all the cool sweetness and pleasure of this slow burning tobacco may fill YOUR pipe at a cost of only 1/1½ per oz. in Britain. Sold only sealed, in packets and tins.
Presbyterian Mixture 1/1½
A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW, C.1

WRECK OF THE ZEPHYR

Even an eccentric millionaire's hobby may provide a murderer with the means to an end, and then Death writes "finis" to the most harmless of man's pursuits

BY JULIUS LONG

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK M. FAULKS

An eerie feeling of nightmare unreality left me numb as I watched. It was a dead engine down there

WALTON'S Island loomed bleakly, soon after the take-off. Fringed with foaming breakers, it was one of those amputated fingers of land that lie inhospitably off the Maine coast. Walton, up front in the open two-seater aeroplane, nodded his helmeted head at its cliffs.

"It's accessible only from the air," he had told me at the landing field. "Until I bought it a year ago, no one had ever managed to set foot on it. There's no place to land a boat, and the cliffs can't be climbed."

Walton had smiled strangely.

When a multi-millionaire buys an island, newspapers are bound to make something of it. But, so far, they had been able to make very little of Walton's island. To date his activities there had been shrouded in mystery.

There had been plenty of rumours, of course. It was known that Walton had bought a tremendous amount of machinery, and it was generally thought that he intended to mine or quarry the island. I, for one, wasn't so sure.

I knew Walton too well to think that anything could drag him away from his hobbies. During the last few years he had devoted his time to nothing else. He had gone in for everything from stamp collecting to jewel collecting and, finally, at an age when most men want both feet on the ground, he had taken up flying. Though he had been flying only a year, he piloted the plane like a veteran. I felt perfectly safe in his hands as he settled down towards the island.

Its top was an irregular oval about six miles long and two or three wide. A heavy growth of scrub and brush served as a protective wall about its edge. That was why I failed to see the railroad track until we were almost over it.

It ran around the island, forming a loop. There was a siding on the landward side and a whole yard to seaward. Also there was a roundhouse and, not far distant, a shedded passenger depot.

Shades of Casey Jones! What was a railroad, roundhouse and all, doing on an island six miles long and less than three wide? If Walton were really mining it, he would need some kind of railroad, but nothing so elaborate as this. Puzzled, I pondered over the cryptic invitation that had brought me here.

"It would pay you to visit my island," Walton had written. "I have something that would be of special interest to you."

Now, my special interest is railroading—model railroading, that is. The basement of my home contains a miniature system that is my pride and joy. The time was when I would have been considered a case of arrested mental development, but now that model railroad fans number in the thousands, even my wife looks with an indulgent eye upon the nuisance in the basement.

Walton, however, had always looked askance at my hobby—it was one he had passed up.

"Even the best of your models are imperfect," he had argued. "Their scale is too small; you lose too much detail."

So I hadn't expected to find anything on his island that would interest a model railroad fan. But now, as I peered downward, my eyes were opened wide.

For the railroad on the island had suddenly become alive. A yard engine dropped a gondola on to a siding, and a Hudson type freight locomotive began to drag out of the yards with at least eighteen cars and a caboose.

A silvery streak issued from the sheds. Accelerating rapidly, it raced over the rails. Even from the air, its polished snout was unmistakable

There was a strangeness about those engines, something that I couldn't put my finger on. Watching the freight locomotive pull into the first curve, I tried to dscover what was wrong. Then an abrupt bank of the plane swept the freight from my gaze, and brought into full vision the shedded passenger depot. I held my breath.

A silvery streak issued from the sheds. Accelerating rapidly, it raced over the rails, moving in the direction opposite that taken by the freight. Even from the air, its polished snout was unmistakable—I knew my eyes didn't deceive me. Here, on top of this island of mystery, was an exact replica of the famous streamlined passenger train known as the Burlington *Zephyr*!

Walton looked back, grinned with boyish delight. Apparently satisfied with the look that must have been on my face, he banked the plane again and brought the freight locomotive back into view.

For a long, incredible second, I had a feeling that it was no real island beneath, only an artificial, papier-mâché island. For the railroad track that encircled it was not a real one; it was a miniature

(*please turn over*)

track, and the trains upon it were miniature trains!

I had spotted the third rail at the edge of the ties, discovered the third-rail collectors on the locomotive and the *Zephyr*. These were electric trains, scale models!

Yes, full scale—*full-scale miniature trains*!

A contradiction? Not at all! Though Walton's railroad was full scale, life-sized, it was intrinsically a miniature railroad. Instead of patterning miniature trains after real ones, he had modelled real trains after miniature ones!

Dazedly I watched the freight and the *Zephyr* round the opposite ends of the island. Though the freight had had a head start of many minutes, both trains reached the landward side at the same time. Entering the straight section of the right of way, they raced down the single track to what seemed an inevitable crash.

But suddenly the locomotive swerved into a siding which in my excitement I had not noticed, slowed as it dragged its cars after it. The *Zephyr* did not lose speed as it streaked down the glistening rails, and it had cleared half the distance between the two trains when its polished snout seemed to burrow into the ground. A second later it emerged. Alert now, I knew the answer. Walton had built a tunnel for his railroad!

I held my breath as the tail end of the freight moved leisurely off the right of way. Its caboose had barely cleared when the *Zephyr*, racing at a speed of at least one hundred miles an hour, grazed by. Grinning, Walton cast a glance over his shoulder, then brought the plane around.

There was an eerie quiet as, motor idling, we settled down toward the landing field. I couldn't shake off a feeling of unreality, couldn't ignore the presence of a vague, enveloping fear. What it was I feared, I didn't know, but that fear remained with me even after Walton had landed the plane and taxied to his hangar.

Nor did it leave me when my feet were firmly planted on the ground. It seemed that I stood in some far-away, make-believe world. Numbly I watched the full-scale model *Zephyr* return to its sheds and halt. On the other side of the island, the freight was slowly backing from its siding. Turning to Walton, I asked:

"These trains of yours—are they operated by crews?"

Walton's eyes gleamed with pride.

"There are no crews aboard my trains. The system is controlled by an automatic switchboard. We are the only human beings on the island."

I simply stared. I had already realized that Walton's sole purpose in buying this island was to erect the incredible railroad that ran around it. But I was stunned by the fact that he lived here alone, playing with his gigantic toy. I said:

"The newspapers—how have you managed to keep this a secret?"

Walton shrugged.

"I suppose the truth is so fantastic that it has never occurred to them. I had no trouble convincing the reporters that I was engaged in some wildcat mining enterprise. As the parts of my models were made in a dozen different factories, even the manufacturers didn't know what they were for."

"But the labourers and mechanics who put them together and laid the track?"

"All were imported from Europe and packed off again as soon as the job was done. To them, I was just another screwball."

I took a deep breath, shook my head.

"It's plain," Walton observed, "that you think I'm a little mad. But, like yourself, I'm a model-railroad fan. It's my latest hobby. In the past my only objection to it was the smallness of the models. I've overcome that objection. My models are full scale. I've simply carried the idea to its logical conclusion."

I felt that he had done more than that; he had reduced it to absurdity.

Not that I'm intolerant of hobbies. I'm in no position to throw stones. As a matter of fact, I had more than once defended Walton's hobbies from the criticisms of his son, Roger.

"Your dad's rich enough to afford them," I had argued. "If they give him any amusement, why try to deprive him of them?"

Roger, a perfectly proper young man who felt deeply the responsibility of his father's wealth, had writhed in exasperation.

"But it's all so ridiculous! Dad's getting himself talked about. You know he has no business flying an aeroplane. Why, he might be killed. I tell you, he's in his dotage."

I had walked away. I had never liked Roger, and I thought too much of his father to black his eye. And I knew it would be a waste of time to try to make such a smug, unimaginative youth understand the real value and purpose of his father's hobbies.

To me, the explanation was simple. Walton had tired of accumulating wealth long before the death of his wife, and her passing had left him without any interest in life. His newly embraced hobbies had filled the void, given him something to do.

But this!

I couldn't help looking with suspicion at Walton as he pulled off his helmet and flung it into the cockpit. His white, bushy hair exploded outward, contrasting strangely with the ruddy healthiness of his childlike countenance. His eyes glistened with enthusiasm.

"Give me a hand," he said, moving to one of the plane's wings. "We'll push this crate into its shed."

"All right," I told him. "But you'd better have your crankcase gaskets checked. Your ship's losing oil."

The blow sent me into a bottomless void. But a sound followed me into that void, the sound of clicking wheels. The *Zephyr* still raced over the rails

Walton vigorously shook his head.

"She's tighter'n a drum. She can't leak."

"But she does," I insisted, and pointed to a little puddle of oil on the flying field.

Walton's brow furrowed as he regarded the puddle, then he shrugged.

"It must have leaked out of my car. I parked it there yesterday."

"Car?" I demanded. "A car on this island?"

Walton grinned, pointed.

Within the gloomy interior of the hangar was a small open roadster. No longer surprised at anything, I helped Walton trundle the plane in beside it.

"How did you ever get an automobile on to the island?" I asked, stowing my bag in the luggage compartment.

"The same way I got all the other equipment here. I had a crane knocked down and flown here a few pieces at a time. Then the crane was set up on the edge of a cliff. Its long boom reached out

over the water and lifted the stuff from the freighters below."

I whistled.

"This railroad of yours must have cost you a pretty penny. There are real railroads that could be bought for less."

Driving the roadster away from the hangar, Walton smilingly nodded.

"That's what Roger said when he visited the island last month. But, you see, a real railroad wouldn't give me what I want."

I thought I did see, as I looked across the island at the tunnel. It had the bizarre, unreal aspect of a papier-mâché tunnel, and I guessed that Walton had taken pains to get that effect. He had built a make-believe world in which he could escape from all the drab reality of his purposeless existence.

"My layout isn't complete yet," he told me. "Next month the workmen will come back and lay another track. I'm also adding another locomotive, a 4-8-2 Canadian Pacific."

I recognized the insatiable ambition of the confirmed, incurable model-railroader, whose layout is never finished, always in the process of development. Suddenly I asked:

"What does Roger think about your new plans?"

Walton chuckled.

"He's furious, of course. The expense will be terrific. But I'm going ahead. Only death can change my plans."

I started, shot a glance at Walton's eyes. They stared straight ahead as he guided the roadster on to a narrow concrete road.

"My days are numbered," he explained calmly. With his right hand he patted his chest. "This old ticker of mine is about run down. My doctors agree on that, and they can't all be wrong. I'm just a proxy for a corpse."

I was shocked, of course. Shocked for Walton's sake—and my own. I was thinking of the return flight from the island, a flight with a pilot whose heart might flutter out at any moment.

I wondered if there were any way to send for a plane from the mainland. I had seen no short-wave aerial on the island.

"Is there a submarine cable to the mainland?" I asked.

"No," Walton answered, reading my mind. "But you needn't worry; I'll fly you back safely. I'm all right so long as I don't receive a sudden shock."

It was I who got a shock the next second. The clang of a warning bell froze my spine. The bell sounded directly ahead, was stationed at a railroad crossing. I heard the blast of a locomotive whistle above its clatter, and, turning, saw.

The freight train had rounded the island, and it bore down towards the crossing ahead. Walton stopped his car to let it go by.

From a distance that locomotive had looked realistic enough. Now, as it rumbled down the right of way, its electric motor humming, its dummy cylinders giving no chug, its appearance was nightmarish, macabre.

It was a ghost, a shell. Its boiler was a hollow casting, and its tender contained neither fuel nor water. A garish, weird mockery of a locomotive, it lacked that warm human gusto of a real live steam engine, seemed a cold Frankenstein monster running relentlessly to kill.

When the caboose had rattled by and the warning bell had ceased to ring, Walton drove calmly across the track. Wordless, I rode rigidly. That freight train had convinced me beyond a shadow of a doubt. Only a madman . . .

"You're white as a sheet," Walton said. "My son reacted much the same way—only he turned purple instead of white. Swore he'd have lunacy papers filed, but he didn't, of course. That would cause a scandal, and you know Roger."

Yes, I knew Roger, and for the first time in my life I sympathized with him. I rode silently beside Walton as he drove to the depot. Brightly painted, it looked as if it had been made of cardboard.

"The control mechanism is inside," Walton said, parking his car. "I'll show you that first."

He slipped eagerly from under the wheel, and I followed. As we approached the depot entrance, my gaze wandered to the *Zephyr*, which stood under its shed. A beautiful stainless-steel train of three articulated cars, it was amazingly like the original. It was when I turned away that my eye caught an almost imperceptible movement in the shadows.

I said: "Didn't you tell me we are the only human beings on the island?"

Walton nodded.

"Then you are mistaken. I distinctly saw someone under the *Zephyr's* shed."

Walton's eyes widened, and he followed my gaze. There was no movement in the shadows now. Shrugging, Walton caught my arm.

"Come—it was only a lengthening shadow."

It was true that dusk was falling, but I was certain I had seen more than a shadow. I remembered the little puddle of oil back on the flying field; considered the possibility that a plane had landed someone in Walton's absence. But I said nothing of this as I followed him into the depot.

Its interior was precisely like that of any small-town depot. There were rows of uninviting benches, a wicker cage for the ticket agent and a small counter restaurant in one end. This depot, the roundhouse and hangar were the only buildings I had seen on the island. Turning to Walton, I asked:

"Where do we sleep?"

Walton waved a hand at the benches.

"You're joking."

"No, here is where we stay." He nodded at the counter restaurant. "And there's where we eat. You'll find me an excellent chef."

I eyed him steadily.

"Walton, you are mad."

He shook his head.

"I don't think so. On the contrary, I believe I am perfectly sane. You would agree if you understood my game."

"Game?"

"Yes, game. I'm playing a little game with death. I know that my days are numbered. So I am spending them in this railroad depot, waiting for my last train. Every hour the *Zephyr* leaves the depot and every hour I take it, catching only snatches of sleep between runs. I know that some time it will not bring me back; it will transport me into eternity itself. I like to imagine that death is like that, just a restful journey on an endless right of way."

Here was a madman, I knew, but a madman with method in his madness. Walton, I realized, had gone farther than merely making his hobby a mechanism of escape from the unpleasantness of life. He had made it a means of escape from the shadow of death itself.

"Come," he said. "I'll show you the control board."

Dumbly I followed him into the wicker ticket office. The control mechanism was set up inside. Despite all that had happened, all that Walton had said, I became absorbed in the robot which operated his trains. It was by far the most advanced thing of its kind, and it could have held my attention for hours. But Walton impatiently drew me away.

"I want you to see the roundhouse before dark," he explained. "The dynamo and storage batteries are there."

Again I would have lingered to drink in the beauty of the giant dynamo and the magnificent Diesel that powered it.

"My trains require a lot of current," Walton commented. "My model *Zephyr* is every bit as fast as the original. Its top speed is one hundred and twenty miles an hour, and it can reach it from a standing start in eight hundred yards. You saw how fast it took the curves. Its centre of gravity is so low and its weight so light that it can take them wide open. But, come, I want to take you for a ride in it."

There was nothing to do but follow him back across the yards. It was like walking over haunted ground. The yard engine moved with ghostly silence, a gigantic zombi doing the bidding of a robot in the darkness. A succession of clatters announced that the freight train would soon be under way.

"We'll have to hurry," Walton said. "The *Zephyr* will leave in a few minutes."

It was the thirty-foot baggage and mail compartment which we entered. A post-office clerk would have felt himself at home there. Grasping my arm, Walton hurried me through it, led me into the engine room. I halted as I beheld its contents.

The entire power plant of the original *Zephyr* had been reproduced in faithful detail. The sleek 600-horse-power Diesel engine and its dynamo had been copied to scale.

"It's hollow," Walton pointed out, rapping on its metal side with his knuckles. "But hurry, you can look over it later."

Our destination was the control room ahead. Walton waved a hand at the complete set of instruments and control levers at the engineer's seat.

"They're all dummies, too," he said. "Except the speedometer, of course. You'll be amazed at our speed."

But I could no longer be amazed by anything. Absently, I grasped the throttle lever, found it fixed in place. Its sharp edge scratched my hand as I turned away.

"I should have warned you about that," Walton apologized. "That lever's sharp as a knife. The casting was defective and I've neglected to file it down."

I had forgotten the scratch. I was looking at the chart overhead. It was a diagram of the railroad on Walton's island. Like similar charts in use in all modern railroads, it contained dozens of little electric light bulbs that flashed on whenever a train passed over a particular section of track. By watching the chart, it was possible to tell where each piece of rolling stock was located. The movement of the yard engine and the progress of the

(*please turn to page* 38)

LUXURY DRINK COSTS ONLY 6

'YUM, YUM!' SAY THE FAMILY. *'Mum knows what to give the troops.' And mother can feel quite happy about the cost—only 6d. for a big half-pound tin.*

MOTHER'S TRYING OUT A TIP FROM THE GROCER—*taking home a tin of Cadburys 'Red Label.' Real drinking chocolate certainly is a luxury. How will the family like it?*

CADBURYS

CHOCO

+ + ONLY 6D FOR TH

6d FOR BIG HALF-POUND TIN

Mother's always popular when she serves Cadburys Red Label Chocolate

HOUSEWIVES everywhere are talking about Cadburys Red Label. It's the luxury drinking chocolate at the family price—a new thrill for the family at elevenses, at supper, or at any other time. Mother likes it in other ways too. No preparation is needed—you just sprinkle Red Label Chocolate on the hot milk in your cup. *And* it's so economical—a big half-pound tin for only 6d. Get some today.

Red Label

COLATE *for* DRINKING

THE BIG HALF POUND TIN + +

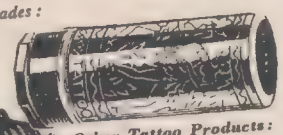
Rapture-making, capture-making . . . rhapsody in red . . . Tattoo!

Love-me-for-ever lips . . . dewy-moist, desirable . . . lips by Tattoo! Hearts beat in waltz-time when lips are Tattoo'd! Tattoo gives lips that invitation-to-romance redness, redness that stays and stays . . . stays because it *stains*. No more pasty greasy coating! Learn this seductive secret of lip-loveliness from pagan-wise South Seas maidens, stolen for *you* by Tattoo! It's *transparent* indelibility . . . irresistible, glamorous redness, that stays on from dawn's yawn to goodnight kiss! Five subtle shades . . . each one a whispered come-hither!

So lovely are lips by

TATTOO

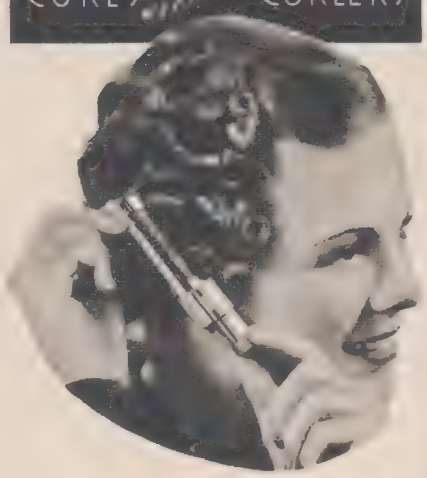
Five rapturous shades:
Coral · Exotic
Natural · Pastel
Hawaiian
4/6 (refill 3/6)



Tattoo Ltd.

Other Tattoo Products: Mascara, Compact Rouge, Face Powder, are also distinguished for their long-lasting quality. It's a Tattoo secret that all share. Have you tried them?

CURLS without CURLERS



Make Your Own Curls

4 A MINUTE!

What fun it is using this clever Pro-Curler! And what a thrill you'll get out of your skill in putting in curls for yourself just when, where and how you want them! No heat, no steam, no risk . . . and only one curler to use. Light, almost invisible curl grips keep hair in position while it takes up the wave. A few days' use of the Pro-Curler makes you a real expert. Suits all types of hair, all styles of hairdressing with curls, ringlets, rolls or waves. Think how much you will save, how much longer your perms will last, and how much happier and more confident you will always be about your appearance when you have your Pro-Curler handy. Be sure to get one to-day.

Obtainable from all leading Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and

Pro-Curler

If you experience any difficulty in finding a stockist write to Pro Products, Mount Royal, Marble Arch London, W.1.

5/- COMPLETE WITH 48 CURL GRIPS

THE DEVIL COMES ABOARD

BY DOUGLAS NEWTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. C. MICHAEL

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

SAVARAN, that lean, eagle-eyed adventurer, the Whip of Kings and the Fear of Rogues, has come to Kjweli, disguised as a beggar, to settle an old account with the magistrate,

KADI JIBLIS EL SIFR, merchant in money, intrigue, arms, slaves, drugs and such assorted dirt. He nears the magistrate's house just in time to rescue from a mob of natives

MIRIAM PASTON, a beautiful, courageous English girl who is with her brother,

TERRY PASTON, young, public school and very innocent of the way of rogues, and their friend and fellow-traveller,

CAPTAIN EUAN AMORY. The three of them are in Kjweli to fit out an expedition to find the lost city of Myssr where is hidden great wealth. Savaran pursues one of the natives to recover Miriam's stolen bag and finds in it a map revealing the route of the expedition. He makes his way back to El Sifr's house to restore the bag, but the magistrate is prepared and has him arrested and flung in gaol. Learning that the girl and her companions are sailing the next morning, Savaran escapes and boards the ship. He lies in hiding until during a storm the crew revolt and then he comes to the rescue, El Sifr and the ship's captain escaping with full details of the proposed journey. Savaran now takes full charge of the expedition and safely beaches the boat. The local settlement of the fierce Ibi-Iberi tribe is subdued, the lorries and equipment unloaded from the boat and the expedition gets under way. Savaran, knowing that this village will communicate his plans to the others, leads them into believing that he will take the western road to the Great Sand but sends the expedition along the eastern road. He himself branches to the west to skirmish with them. The two parties reunite on the edge of the Great Sand and set off, but after many days of driving across the trackless desert wastes, under the burning tropical sun, Miriam decides to give the whole thing up and return to the coast.

SAVARAN was visited by a strange, mad dream.

A soft pattering and fluttering seemed to fill the world, a whispering of siren voices floated about him on the winds of sleep. He had the illusion of being awake; his eyes looking out through the open tent flap into a world strangely blanched by the light of the tropic half moon. Into this world came amazing, moon-white people. He knew them to be incredible things because they were all women and lovely.

They moved in and out of his view, tall, strong and swift. They were clad in brief garments, and so were revealed as white-skinned and as glorious as the maidens of Greek myth. On the big sand-hill commanding the camp stood a group as marvellous as classical statues, with, in their midst, a girl even taller, stronger, lovelier than the rest, the queen of them all.

So amazing, so enchanting a sight could only be a dream, and though Savaran had a dream's odd sensation of being awake, he knew that was only a trick of fancy. But it did seem undreamlike that the women should be armed. They had tall, bright-bladed spears in their hands, square shields of painted hide, even short, classic swords girdled to their Venus de Milo waists. It was, he felt, a dream of fabled Amazons —until a man cried out.

The man gave tongue in terror and pain, and it was a human cry. There was tumult. Others cried out in alarm and fear. Savaran was on to his feet and out of his tent like a great cat, to learn it was reality and no dream.

A dozen long spears glittered against his breast as he emerged. As his wrists flicked up his pistols he saw all about him the white, strong bodies of women—but women making no bones of killing. He saw the faces, beautiful indeed, but beautiful as hydras. He realized they meant to capture rather than kill; realized, as his quick mind could, who they were, and that it would be unwise to fight them. He lowered his weapons in the tried fighter's gesture of surrender.

A strong cloth whipped over his head and was drawn tight about his arms with workmanlike dexterity. The point of a spear prodded his back, sharp as a needle. As he took a blind step away from it, the haft of a spear between his legs sent him sprawling. Strong bodies flung themselves on to him as he fell and he was bound as tightly as a market hen.

From the sounds about him he knew that the others in the camp had fared as he. The women had mastered the camp with first-rate efficiency. The siren voices became fuller and shriller now that caution was no longer needed. He caught many of the words. It was practically pure Greek of the classic period. He smiled at it. With his instinct for languages he had never forgotten the classics of his school and university days. He knew he could both understand and be understood.

There was no gentle-hand-on-the-fevered-brow methods about these women. A pole was thrust with a practical roughness through his bonds. It and he were lifted on to sturdy feminine

shoulders. He was carried up and down sand-hills until he was almost dizzy at the way blood rushed from his feet to his head and back again. The march went on until the fierce glare of heat told of the rising sun.

There was a challenge from guards, then the coldness of shade from walls or buildings closed about him. They began to go down steps, hundreds of steps, but feet first now, thank heaven. Somewhere about half-way down they seemed to pause on a platform, and from below came the lowing of cattle, the baaing of sheep, even the bleating of goats. It came up as sounds do when looking down into a steep valley.

They went down again, and again by some sort of staircase, and as they moved lower there arose a confused murmur of human voices; a great crowd of human voices, excited and gabbling—and all feminine. Abruptly they were on ground level, the chill of buildings deepened, he heard echoes from walls and the slap of hard, bare feet on stone floors. He was dumped unceremoniously on that same hard stone; hands searched him shrewdly for weapons, and he was unbound. The cloth bag was dragged off his head, the point of a spear encouraged him to stand up.

He was in a vast, dim chamber that at first seemed like the main room of a Norman castle, but gradually he saw that it had been carved, whole, out of living sandstone, and that its doors and windows and decorations had an odd, classical line, like Greek overlain by the massivity of Egypt.

Three sides of this room were filled with ranked women. The front lines were composed of splendid, pale-skinned girls, their semi-nude bodies protected by their locked shields, from which their bristling lances projected in gleaming menace. The girls of the second line were as young but of darker, warmer skins; they were scarcely clad at all, and all held crinkly Assyrian bows of horn, in which arrows were set at the ready.

At military intervals in the ranks and in the open space before them were their officers; magnificent creatures, armed with swords and lances only. With these in the open space were women of a more mature age, but of full and superb figure and hard handsomeness. They were clad in kilted, purple-edged robes that gave their splendid limbs full play. They seemed like political executives taking over the captives from the military.

Through wide, glassless windows Savaran caught a side-glimpse of some sort of palace, its heavy pediment of the same mingling of Greece and Egypt. Brightly painted houses, narrowing from base to flat roofs, rose from what seemed extravagant bowers of sun-bright flowers and trees. Beyond were sloping green fields with a broad roadway striking through them, as straight as a spear shaft. Road and fields ended abruptly at cliffs that rose like a palisade of sheer sandstone, and in that amazing cliff was a structure that absolutely riveted his attention.

It was the towering front of a temple carved out of the stone of the cliff. It was narrow and pinched for its height, like some disease-burnt man. Vast gates filled the space at the lower end of its pillars, giving the empty portion above a depth and blackness that suggested the eyeless sockets of a death's head. There was, indeed, a darkness and malignance about the place that sent a chill even along Savaran's spine. And the strange hue of the road leading so straight to it emphasized this. It was a queer road, a death's road, it seemed, for its surface was paved with slabs of jet black stone that stood out startlingly against the flowers and the green. Yet Savaran's face lit up as he saw that temple and road. He realized its secret. Both had been made terrible as symbols. *There* was the way that led to the underground tank of gold.

He turned with his flashing smile to Miriam, who with Terry, Euan Amory, and what were left of their men, were lined up against the inner wall of this great chamber.

"Your great-grandfather—and Savaran, weren't so mad after all. Mysr, the Lost City of the Great Sand does exist. And I have found it."

"It's mad enough, anyhow," Terry burst out. "Have you noticed—nothing but women?"

"Would Savaran overlook that?" he answered, with gusto. "But not women—goddesses, rather; a race of Dianas."

"Terrible creatures," Miriam said sharply. "Their faces—each as hard and cruel as a harpy's."

"And there are *some* men," Euan Amory put in grimly. "Look—the two coming in through the door—a sight for us to take to heart."

The two men who came in were abject and shuffling. They were pale-skinned and good-looking, but their faces were slack and hang-dog, their bodies weedy and scrimshanked. They were absurdly muffled in robes, as though so precious that they dared not risk the chills of this great chamber. Yet they were also chained by wrists and ankles in such a way that they could not stride more than a foot nor lift their hands farther than their mouths.

Not only were their bodies degenerate, but their position was plainly of the lowest degradation. They brought in ewers and water jars, kneeling while the officers washed their hands. One, distracted by the sight of the captives, splashed water over the body of one of these imperial women. She plucked a whip from her girdle and slashed him across the face while the spineless wretch merely squirmed and whimpered.

Suddenly, the chamber rang with shrill-edged words of command, the crash of spear-butts on stone, the shuffle and stamp of feet as the Amazons fell into columns. A leading company of spears wheeled and marched through the tall and massive arch of the door. They were followed by the lithe-moving archers. Terry, entranced by the athletic swing of the girls, was awakened by a savage jolt in his ribs from a spear shaft. He leapt round to retaliate, gulped before the beauty of the striker, and fell into line with the others.

The others—but not Savaran.

His limby and towering form stepped casually aside as they went on. A spear butt jabbed at him, and a startled Amazon found it plucked from her hand and tossed casually aside. A magnificent Boadicea of an officer strode forward plucking her man-taming whip from her girdle. In a moment she was nursing her wrist and gaping open-mouthed like a hurt girl. Using no apparent violence, and smiling like a genial Lucifer, the lean man had the whip in his hand.

"I am a king among men. I am to be treated as a king, and I march as only kings may," he said, in their own clear Greek.

That and his imperial gesture left nothing to doubt. He, even more than they, broke the column of spears bringing up the rear. In the midst of a special guard, he became the high note of the procession. Even in captivity, Savaran could not forgo his gesture.

They went out into a sunlight so blazing that for a moment they were blinded, so concentrated that they felt as though they were in an electric oven. But the street they entered was beautifully shaded with palms and verdure and sparkling with what Savaran considered a "boudoir blossoming of flowers."

They were marched, as in a Roman triumph, between crowds collected to stare, shout and even scream at them—and again the crowd was all women. It was a harem city of women. They were mainly white-skinned, though the whiteness shaded through biscuit into nut brown, but whatever the shading, beauty of body and face was universal.

It was a classic handsomeness, with that hard, marble-void inhumanity Miriam Paston had shuddered at. Even the lovely children, again all girls, had this as they spat shrill venom at the captives, while the older women had a terrible, witch-like malignance. These greeted the prisoners with a terrible, hooting glee, especially Miriam, shouting at her that she was a pretty bride for The Thing.

What The Thing was, Savaran could not guess, but the wickedness in the women's tones suggested horror.

Yet, although all the women in the city seemed to have gathered to stare at them, the shrewd, assessing eye of the soldier of fortune noted how few there were. There was no more than a single line of them on each side of the road, and sometimes not even that. Big though the city seemed, it was a bigness of ancient days, and was now less than half inhabited.

It was a dying race, dying as races will because it had ceased to breed men. There were a few men to be seen, but very few. They were always weedy-looking and treated as slaves, working in twos or threes at road-repairing, gardening or removing the debris of some tumbled-down house. Always these men were under the direction of strapping wenches armed with formidable whips.

The city itself was a study in odd contrasts. The narrow-topped houses lining the roads were gaudily decorated in a pretty-pretty style. They only needed a bow or two to make them like chocolate boxes, Savaran thought. The gardens were brilliant with flowers and greenery. Yet the street itself was badly kept, its slabs broken and its general aspect slovenly.

The street led into an immense square that looked queerly empty, even though most of the people flocked into it after them. Two sides of the square were edged with tall and imposing buildings of the same type as the ominous temple, that is, they had not been built of stone

(please turn to page 25)

The other slashed and the keen blade of the axe sang through the air. Savaran and quicksilver rarely wait on the motions of the slow. Like a streak of lightning the limby fellow ducked, dived at the body and heaved

FREE TUITION for a week! by HUGO'S

There are hundreds of thousands who know Hugo's from personal experience; there are also thousands to whom the Institute is just a well-known name. Amongst the latter there must be many willing to be convinced that, through Hugo's, learning a language is as easy as they say it is.

Will you let us convince you? We will send you a lesson from any of our Postal Courses—graded if necessary and sufficient for a whole week's study. If you follow the simple instructions you will be agreeably surprised at the incredible simplicity of the Hugo Master-plan, and the progress you will make in so short a time. You will find, too, that any existing aversion to the subject will be replaced by an interest far beyond anything you could have expected.

This offer will not cost you a penny. Why not take advantage of it? Why abandon your desire to speak a foreign language when its accomplishment is within such easy reach?

HUGO SPECIAL SELF-TUITION COURSES

FRENCH
GERMAN
SPANISH
ITALIAN

5/- MONTHLY – Each Language

or 55/- if paid in advance

Extensive and detailed tests have proved to us that the utility of

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

for languages is confined to ear-training and extra conversation practice, and then only for students with at least an elementary knowledge. For this purpose the

"HUGOPHONE"
IS UNEQUALLED

Each set consists of six conversation lessons on 12-inch double-sided records. Price 21s. per language, complete with texts. Two voices. Obtainable in FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, and RUSSIAN. Also in ENGLISH for FOREIGNERS.

A special feature of the series is its ingeniously compact form, which overcomes the burden of bulkiness and big cost. Ask for separate prospectus.

--POST COUPON TODAY--

To HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE,
64-66 Oxford Street, London, W.1,
and Branches.

Without obligation send me free of charge a lesson from the Hugo Postal Course in French, German, Spanish, Italian (strike out those not wanted), together with your booklet "Languages can be *so* Easy."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

P.S. .....

Here's just why

SHREDDED WHEAT IS FIVE TIMES FAVOURED

1	IT'S DELICIOUS
2	IT'S NOURISHING
3	IT'S HEALTH-GIVING
4	IT'S CONVENIENT
5	IT'S ECONOMICAL

● Here you can see for yourself the Five distinctive points which make Shredded Wheat, not only the most COMPLETE Breakfast, but the most highly favoured in the homes of Britain today. Shredded Wheat is the food that brings you everything—enjoyment, health-value, handiness, economy. It satisfies all tastes and supplies the precious nourishment of pure whole wheat to fortify and sustain every member of the family. Start today with Shredded Wheat—the Five Times Favoured Food.

The Food for General Fitness!

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE. (*Pratt's*)

or brick but, like the deserted city of Petra, carved solid out of the living rock of the cliff itself.

Here again the Greek style seemed fused into the pylon heaviness of Egypt. The town itself and brilliant open gardens filled the other sides of the square, though, facing the largest of the buildings was the broad, black road that ran to the temple in the cliff.

Savaran was now able to see that they were on the floor of a pit-like valley, hemmed in on all sides by the tall wall of cliff. The valley was several miles long though no more and often far less than a mile wide. The cliffs that towered above it were never lower than a thousand feet, and it was their surface that trapped and reflected the sun, giving the valley its concentrated brightness and heat.

The cliffs also cut off the valley from the outer world, for not even Savaran's keen eyes could discover a break in the giant wall, not even the hint of a path up. He doubted whether he would. They had been brought in blindfolded because the entrance of this valley was carefully concealed—even from the populace, he learnt later. Only a few picked Amazons of the guard knew its secret.

His chief puzzle, at first, was to understand how he had failed to see these towering cliffs from the Great Sand. Then he saw the crests of a line of sand-hills along the top of the cliffs and understood.

He had not seen the cliffs from the Great Sand because they were below the ground level.

The strange thing was that it had never filled with sand, but obviously some freak of wind, ground or updraught was responsible for that, as such things were responsible for the numberless sand-free depressions and oases throughout the deserts of the world.

Yet it was this unusual combination of accidents that had given this lost valley almost complete immunity from discovery. Even if the waterless desert failed to keep men—like themselves—away, they might actually pass within a hundred feet of the place and, because the sand-hills cut off all views, never know it was there.

With this in his head the lean adventurer scowled, already considering how he, Savaran, could use so perfect a base for conquering empires. There were certain difficulties. Amazons, however lusty, did not suggest themselves as Napoleonic material. He'd have to use men from the *Allah-Din* to master the Ibi-Iberi and other adjacent tribes by way of a beginning.

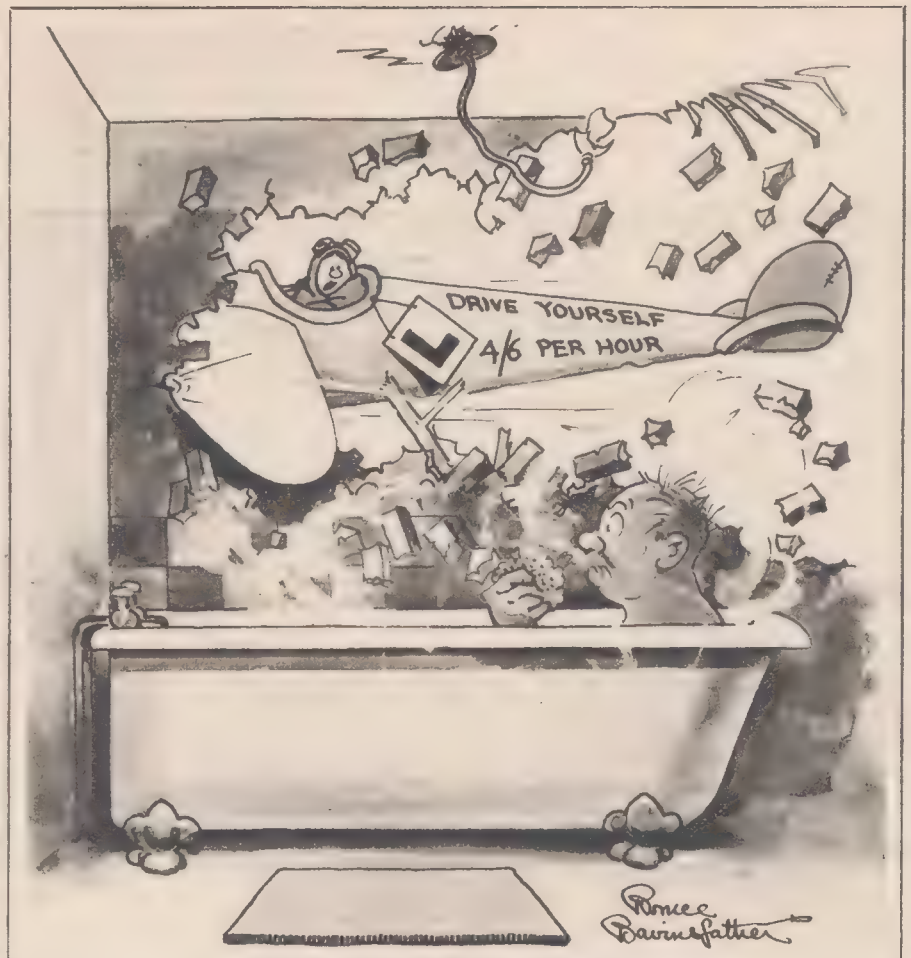
Sun-reading and mapping would give him a safer road than the one they had travelled by, but he would need equipment and petrol. He began to devise plans for surprising and capturing the force that the Kadi el Sifr would undoubtedly lead towards this city. He would have to act quickly, though. El Sifr had the advantage in speed over them because all he had to do was to follow their wheel marks in the sand. That meant Savaran had to master the people of Myssr in the next few days if he were to lead out a party to ambush El Sifr.

A most unladylike voice bawled a command into his ear and he came out of his dream of empires to realize that he and the other prisoners were being marched from the square into the biggest of the rock-carved buildings.

Huge and heavy pillars soared to an immense roof and, beyond the pillars, vast glooms. Into the nave itself great bands of sunlight struck downward from cunning windows in roof and walls; against the prevailing darkness these beams had an almost uncanny brilliance.

The largest beam was concentrated on a broad, raised dais which was covered with a cloth that glowed like bright blood. On the side steps of this stood the high officials of Myssr in glittering robes and equipment. In the middle of the dais was a bench draped in rich cloth and on it an amazing woman.

She was taller, stronger, more gloriously built than any of the goddesses about her. She could not have been more than nineteen and her youth added to her astounding loveliness. No woman of earthly flesh could compare with her; even Cleopatra might have envied such startling, physical perfection



"S'orlright, Bill, it's only me!"

—and yet not envied. As her beauty was greater than any woman of her race, so her high, proud looks had a cold and graven hardness harsher than theirs.

Two figures alone shared the dais with the astonishing young queen. One, an old woman as tall and, in her long, straight-pleated robes, as narrow as a pillar. Her face was dry and thin, with the bitter handsomeness of an avenger. Her deep-set eyes, the only living things in her graven stillness, glittered with evil. She stood behind the queen, close to her right shoulder, and from the movements of the latter's head it was obvious that this sibyl prompted her every word and act. The old woman was plainly the real power behind the throne, the High Priestess of Myssr.

The other figure stood behind the queen's left hand. It was a man who was as astonishing as the rest of that strange community. He was a tremendous fellow. He was as tall as Savaran but more than twice as bulky. His great body was a mass of hard muscle that stood out in intimidating ropes and plaits. He was a perfect, living model of masculine athleticism and had been bred and trained to that end.

He was not quite as white as the queen or her aristocrats. There was a tinge of darkness in his skin that hinted at negroid blood, a suggestion even more pronounced in the heavy, low-browed, rather dull ferocity of his face. He was scantily clad to show his bull physique to advantage, yet his chains, girdle and short apron, no less than his weapons, had a quality that made Euan Amory exclaim:

"Solid gold! See that—he's the only person we've seen who shows a sign of gold."

"With reason," Savaran said, dryly. "Gold is *the* accursed thing to these people, and he is the servant of that curse—he's the public executioner!"

Staring at the gross brute with horrified eyes, they realized that Savaran was right. The man carried wicked-looking butchers' knives with gold hafts in his belt; his great hands rested on the gold knob of a great axe, whose lethal, half-moon blade glittered from recent burnishing and sharpening.

The queen's hand motioned. A trumpet clanged and echoed through the vaults of the great hall. Such noises that even awe could not suppress, died into a dead stillness. The queen began to speak.

She had a full, clear voice, precise and emotionless and she spoke in a classic Greek so measured that Savaran could understand her easily. Only now and then there was a youthful stumble which told she was merely repeating word for word what her high priestess was prompting. First she asked:

"You strangers who, evilly, have penetrated my land against my laws and those of the gods, do you understand my words?"

She and all there were startled when Savaran, making the most of his dramatic moment, paced up to the second step of the dais and said loudly but calmly:

"I, Savaran, master of tongues and nations, understand. Speak on, O queen-star of loveliness, my eyes as well as my ears attend the commands of so lustrous a pearl among women."

A gasp went up at the audacity of his compliment no less than the iron assurance of his manner. The queen was actually more taken aback than her people. Her eyes widened as she regarded the tall and imperial man, and her mouth softened into girlishness as her easily fired tropic blood quickened under the bold admiration of his eyes. The sibyl behind her had to hiss a venomous admonition before she recovered herself, stiffened to marble coldness, went on:

"It is well. Listen then and learn the pronouncement of Khadra, the queen. You have come unasked to Myssr, and have thus broken our tradition and our law. Drawn here only by evil——"

"Can such beauty as yours and the desire to look at it be evil, O lily of women?" Savaran interrupted so unexpectedly that the girl caught her breath and floundered, while her eyes grew bright as they met this audacious lover's.

"Such—such meaningless words have no weight with *us*," she mumbled, unconvincingly, then steadied. "We know why you are here. It is for the gold. But we, more than any other great nation, know the curse as well as the lure of gold. Yet because it has drawn you here its curse will fall on you. Every——" she looked into Savaran's gleaming eyes, hesitated and dropped her own. "Every second male among ye dies as a punishment for this lust of gold. You—the rest of the men will be put into chains and used in the slave house, to do our will until you die, as all living men must. The woman among you——" She looked at Miriam and her face hardened to a vindictive pitilessness. "The woman among you shall be the bride of the Thing. Following our immemorial custom, she will be maintained alive until the next full moon. Then, in full ritual, she will be taken in procession to the Temple of the Drowned Gold in the cliff. There she will be cast into the waters, to be consumed by the beast who guards it, as lust for gold consumes her. So it is ordained by our tradition and law as reparation for the curse a woman brought on us. Let these things be done. I, Khadra, the queen, have said it."

She cast an odd look at Savaran, her eyes fled from his, and she sank back on her bench. Her hand was about to signal the trumpets when a shrill outcry made her look up. Savaran, with that easy swiftness that always left others helpless, had mounted the steps and was facing her on her own dais.

The high priestess was clamouring: "Death! Strike the profaner of high places dead!" But the queen did not stir, gave no orders for killing, only stared into the eagle face with an odd fascination in her eyes.

And the lean man making the most of himself and his moment cried aloud:

"I, Savaran, equal to thrones, man above men, co-equal of queens, tell you more *shall* be said. For I say—No! I, who have led these, my people, through dangers no other man could compass, and brought them to this place no other man has seen, say to you that I will not hear or countenance these things. I, mightiest of warriors——"

The high priestess shrilled: "Goila, defend your queen."

Waking from the bewilderment into which the lean adventurer's audacity had flung him, the muscular executioner jerked himself forward, his great axe swinging.

The gipsy kingmaker who knew the value of flamboyant gestures, and who had even counted on this, swung to the man with that savage glee that always lit his face when danger was most eminent.

Savaran leapt lightly backward, as though scared, and the other, sure in his strength, slashed with such a stroke that the keen blade of the axe sang through the air. It was meant to sheer the lank body in twain, but Savaran and quicksilver rarely wait on the motions of the slow. Like a streak of lightning, the limby fellow ducked under the stroke, dived at the great body, gripping it in a way to make the axe useless, thrust an iron elbow up against the chin and heeled the oak-thick leg with a savage heave.

There was a crash and a great outcry through the hall. The muscle-mountain had smashed so violently to the dais that even the great axe was jolted from his grip.

He came up sharply enough, since outraged pride made him almost nimble. Also, he had sense enough to recognize that an axe, if impressive, was no weapon to use against such a man as this. One of the great knives was in each hand as he faced Savaran with murder in his heavy face.

Savaran was on him even as he lunged, the thick arm was caught, and, by the very strength of the stroke, twisted with a Japanese viciousness. The huge man bellowed with pain and the arm dropped useless. Pain made him hang perceptibly before the left hand slashed. He was all that too late. Savaran's shoulders had dived between his spread legs, straightened and tossed. The heavy bulk soared in a monstrous arc and skull and neck struck the sharp stone edges of the steps with a resounding crack.

There he lay, an inert mass, perhaps dead, but most decisively and spectacularly beaten. And Savaran, who never missed such a cue, carried on the gesture. He lifted the great axe and swinging it as easily as a toy, went back to the queen, smiling into her face.

And the queen sat staring up at him, wonder in her eyes, colour mantling her cheeks and her lips parted in a lovely smile. About her her officers, the whole hall stood numb with awe. It was only after a minute that the high priestess began to clamour:

"Arrows! Spears! Kill the profaner! Defend your queen!"

NEXT WEEK

Kingdom for an Emperor

Conway Stewart

BY sturdy unfailing service CONWAY STEWART Pens have proved their worth a thousand-fold. In business and home, in college and school, the CONWAY STEWART is regarded by millions as a valued and trusty friend.

Other favourite models

"Duro" No. 26 (oversize) - 21/-

"Conway Stewart" No. 35 - 17/6

"Conway Stewart" No. 226 - 10/6

"Conway" 475 - 7/6

"Universal" 479 - - - 5/6

"Dinkie" 540 - - - - 5/6

Of all Stationers and Stores

Coloured Catalogue post free from the Manufacturers:

CONWAY STEWART & Co. Ltd.
(Makers of good pens for over 30 years)
75/82 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

No. 286 12/6 The Pen of Pens

Help your Dentist protect Your Teeth

USE KOLYNOS

Use KOLYNOS, the tooth paste that will make your smile remembered for charm. KOLYNOS cleans quickly and effectively, restoring natural whiteness to your teeth Use only half an inch, preferably on a DRY brush. Get a tube today. 1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

YOUNG AMES MEETS THE BOAT

Continued from page 7

The captain took the papers and untied the oiled silk clumsily. Then he adjusted a pair of spectacles to his nose and squared his elbows. "Yes sir," he said at last, "Chevalier, Deming & Post seem to be my new owners all right. But it's upsetting. I come across on the damnedest passage bar none this rotten old tub ever made, with a whole litter of gales chasing me all the way and the sticks staying in her God only knows how, and a young whip-snapper comes aboard me and tells me I've changed owners."

"Cotton?" repeated young Ames.

The captain looked up at the faint voice.

"Up six cents when I left," he said. "What of it? Ain't Smith brought in the *Napoleon* yet? He cleared two days before me, and she's a crackajack."

"You're the first boat in in seventy-one days, captain. Your news is going to give us a corner on cotton, if we play it right," young Ames said feebly.

Captain Brown looked at him again. He let out a yelp, grabbed young Ames in his huge fists and rushed him to a port. "Let her reach bottom," he said. Young Ames looked down at the ocean. He felt like a letter being opened by the village blacksmith. Then he was hauled back and dumped in a chair. "Brandy," said Captain Brown. "I thought you were a sailor when you came aboard." He watched the colour come back into the pinched freckled face. "That's better," he said. He pointed to the letter. "I'm under your orders, apparently. What do I do?"

"You keep out of New York till the mails close, that's all," said young Ames.

The captain's eyes bulged. "I can't do that," he said.

"You've got to."

"We've been sighted by the telegraph. Do you know that?"

"You're under my orders," young Ames said, stoutly.

"We're at sea, my boy, and I'm the boss on this packet." Captain Brown struck the table with a ham-like fist.

For a moment young Ames thought he was going to be sick again. He breathed hard and confronted the captain's stare as steadily as he could. Then he said slowly, feeling rather like a man making a statement on the gallows, "Maybe the firm could make it worth your while. How much would do? Twenty-five dollars?"

He was right. An acquisitive gleam came into the captain's eyes.

"If you put it that way—fifty," he suggested. "For my feelings' sake, and another fifty for my reputation maybe."

"One hundred dollars," said young Ames. It was no time to haggle. But he thought of Mr. McVitty.

"All right," he said. "But you'll have to put it on paper."

"If you'll give me paper and ink I'll do it now."

"Yes, but will they honour your word?" asked Captain Brown, looking intelligent.

"I'm their agent," young Ames pointed out. "Doesn't it say so in that letter?"

Captain Brown let him have Mr. Post's note, and young Ames read it.

"Armitage V. Brown, Master
Barque *Lily Dean*
Sir,

By the enclosed bill of sale, you will observe that the ownership of the *Lily Dean* has changed from Lamar and Phisterer of this city to Chevalier, Deming & Post of the same. This letter will be brought to you by John Ames, a young man in the employ of Chevalier, Deming & Post, and you will obey as closely as is consistent with the safety of your ship any orders he may give you. In this matter you may accept him as acting as the representative of this firm."

It was dated and signed, Henry F. Post, Partner.

"It will do legally, I guess," said young Ames, in a slightly bitter tone. "A young man in the employ;" not "our Mr. Ames," not even "our representative." He might as well have said "young Ames" and let it go at that. Mr. Post was an unfeeling man. He drew a deep breath, and steadied his voice, "I'll make it out as an agreement to pay a bonus of a hundred dollars in recognition of your fast passage. Will that do?"

"As long as the figures read one hundred dollars," said Captain Brown, affably.

In Mr. Chevalier's office on the front of Number 42 South Street, the three partners and Mr. McVitty were in conference. They had a quart of brandy from the oldest pipe in the cellar and glasses on the table.

Mr. Chevalier, immaculate, his white head brushed to the last hair, drummed his fingers on the table top.

"Send one of the other clerks up to the Exchange to relieve the man you have there, McVitty."

Mr. McVitty went out into the counting room. They heard him tell Cummings to go up and relieve Gibbs, the translator. "Tell Gibbs to report to Mr. Chevalier immediately."

"It's blowing up, gentlemen," said Mr. Chevalier, who had gone to look out of the window. "It must be nasty outside the Narrows."

"He'll be aboard by now," said Mr. Post.

"Aye, if he's aboard at all," said Mr. McVitty, gloomily.

"There wasn't anyone else to send,"

"We want to be sure that whatever car we buy will take all our usual luggage"

Mr. Post said, defensively. "It was mostly young Ames's idea, anyway, and he was dead set to go."

"There's one thing," said Mr. Deming. "Suppose the master don't agree to delay?"

Mr. Chevalier turned back into the room.

"I don't think we need worry about that. I fancy young Ames won't hesitate to bribe him."

"What makes you think so?"

"Any clerk who has the nerve to call on his employer's neice in his employer's new coat and wish his employer a Happy New Year in his employer's own house won't hesitate to spend his employer's new money."

"Your coat?" asked Mr. Deming.

Mr. Chevalier sat down, helped himself to a little brandy, and briefly described young Ames's New Year's call. He had barely finished when Cummings entered.

"The boat's reported in the Narrows, sir."

"Yes."

"That's all, sir. The bulletin is unsatisfactory. The weather is thickening, and I understand they can get only parts of the message. The Exchange is very excited, sir."

Mr. Chevalier thanked and dismissed him.

"Do you think he made it?"

"He must have," said Mr. Deming.

Mr. McVitty blew his nose and went out to the counting room. This wasn't his way of doing business.

In the office he had left, Mr. Chevalier said, "Gentlemen, I've drawn up letters of credit in favour of Maitland and Henriquez in New Orleans for a million, with orders to buy while there's a bale left in first hands. All we need to go ahead is definite advice on the market."

It was then that they heard young Ames galloping up the stairs to the counting room.

It wasn't exactly a gallop for the seasickness was still in his legs, and he was a little bit scared now he had the firm to face, with an expense account of something like a hundred and forty dollars. For it had been Captain Brown's idea to get him ashore at New Utrecht again, and Jarge and Mr. Doaks had required an additional fifteen dollars.

Though the trip had been quick, with only a short way to go, the water was worse. It was something he knew he would dream about to his dying day.

He walked slowly into the counting room to meet a stony silence. He could have counted fifteen before anyone moved; and then it was Gibbs with a sudden wide smile on his dark face who said, "Good God! It's Johnny."

Mr. McVitty got unsteadily off his stool. He stuck his head through the office door, sneezed, gasped, "It's the boy," and beckoned to young Ames. "They want you," he said. "I cannot go in myself." He closed his eyes tight and shut the door blindly at young Ames's back.

Young Ames stood still. He was shivering, his damp clothes like graveyard garments, sticking to his body, but he confronted the three partners like an errant puppy. For a moment they had nothing to say. Then Mr. Chevalier filled a glass with brandy.

"Here," he said, "you need it."

Young Ames drank his glassful, laid it down empty, and nodded.

"Mr. Post was right about the cotton," he said, addressing Mr. Chevalier. "It's gone up six cents."

"Have you got definite assurance of that?" asked Mr. Chevalier.

"Yes, sir. The captain said Liverpool was wild about it. He has advices for half the houses in this city, handed on at the last minute." He drew a deep breath. "I had to offer Captain Brown a hundred dollars, Mr. Chevalier. I wrote him out an agreement over the firm's name and signed myself as agent."

He waited.

Mr. Chevalier only nodded. "It's cheap," he said.

"There's forty dollars spent on boats and hacks. About forty, anyway. Some of it's still owing because Mr. McVitty only gave me twenty-five."

"Mr. Deming can take that up with Mr. McVitty."

Young Ames let out a long breath.

"Thank you, sir."

"Our thanks are to you," Mr. Chevalier said shortly. "When will the boat reach the city?"

"Captain Brown said she'd be in about five. He daren't wait longer. He said the gales were catching up with him. It's been a miraculous passage for the *Lily Dean*, the *Napoleon* cleared two days ahead of her."

"Did the *Lily Dean* have any advices for us?"

"One from Constable and O'Hara. I saw it when Captain Brown opened the safe to put in my agreement for the hundred dollars. I've got it here."

"Give it to me," said Mr. Chevalier. He opened it, read it, and glanced up.

"There's no mistake. Frank Constable says cotton shows no signs of stopping. He urges us to buy."

He turned to young Ames.

"How did you get hold of it?"

"He left the safe open," said young Ames. "But it's all right, sir. I told him about it when we were pulling away from the ship."

Mr. Chevalier's blue eyes protruded slightly.

"Do you remember my saying you were an unscrupulous rascal, Ames?"

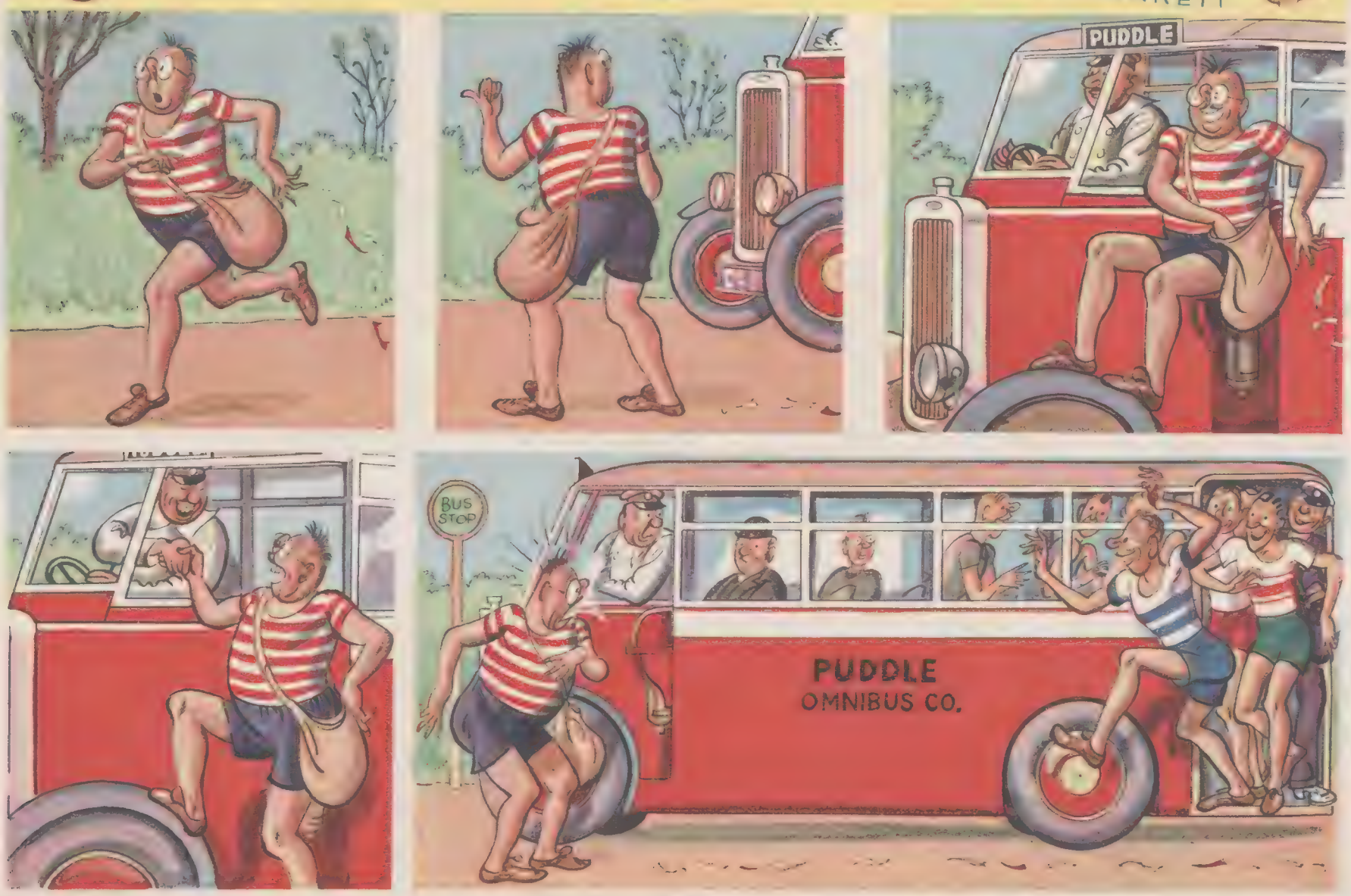
"Yes, sir. You said the times were unscrupulous too."

"I am confirmed in my opinion," Mr. Chevalier. "That will do, Ames. You'd better get on dry clothes." He turned to the partners, "We must get our man

(*please turn to page* 28)

A MAN in a Paper-Chase

by A·C·BARRETT



Parasites; or the Market Special

10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

THE DEMAND INCREASES DAILY

—W.D.& H.O.Wills.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd C.C.639G

Miss Virginia Hall
SELECTS THIS BEAUTIFUL MUSQUASH SWAGGER COAT as the FUR BARGAIN of the week

CASH PRICE 15 GNS. or 10 monthly payments of 31/6. Nothing is added for credit.

YOURS TO WEAR RIGHT AWAY ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT. Furs sent on approval anywhere.

31/6 down and 9 monthly payments

SHOWROOMS: FIRST FLOOR OVER KODAK

Sugden Furs
186 Regent St. W.1

Fur Specialists for over Fifty Years.
Phone: REGent 2236. Open until 7 p.m.

POST THIS TO-DAY FOR NEW CATALOGUE UNSEALED ENVELOPE ½D STAMP

To C. A. Sugden, Ltd., 186 Regent St., London, W.1.

Name .....

Address P.S.21

off at six tomorrow. The question is, who's to go?" He caught sight of young Ames still in the door. "What is it?" he asked, irritably.

"I thought I'd better say that Wentz of Pruyn & Company is keeping a watch on this place, sir."

"We know that," said Mr. Chevalier. "Ask Mr. McVitty to come in at once."

It was snowing again. Young Ames in his room at the top of the building looked out of his window and saw the snow making snakes along the roof.

He was dressed in his ready-made clothes, the grey trousers and white waistcoat he had bought to wear with Mr. Chevalier's coat on New Year's Day, but he had no coat of his own to go with them. He felt tired and discouraged. The excitement was over as far as his own part in it was concerned. He had been sent up like a child to get dry. He looked at the tweed jacket he would have to put on, still sodden with salt water and smelling like a sheep in front of the fire.

The river was darkening. There was no sign of the *Lily Dean*. He knew that she hadn't docked yet, for he could see Old Slip plain enough from the window. But he thought she must be in the river because a knot of people were huddling against the snow at the end of the pier. If Brown could hold her out for twenty minutes the game would be won.

In spite of himself he let the excitement of it creep into him again. When Gibbs entered with a bottle of Madeira and a hot pastry he found young Ames with his nose glued to the pane.

"She's not in yet," he said. "Come and eat."

"I can't eat till I see her get in. What time is it?"

"Past five, Johnny. You've done a hell of a good job for the house." He put the pastry on the bureau and pulled the cork from his bottle.

"Come on, Johnny. It's only Madeira, and you deserve some of Lauri's old 1811 if anyone ever did. Come along and sit down."

"I can't. I ought to go down."

"Nothing doing. Only McVitty left. The partners all went out an hour ago."

Young Ames hesitated. Then a shouting that the wind made thin and far came up to the window. He looked out again and saw the *Lily Dean* in the river.

"She's coming!" cried young Ames.

"It makes no difference now," said Gibbs. "We've got the corner in our hip pockets."

"By God," said young Ames. "I wish I had a thousand dollars!"

"Why confine yourself to that? Make it two, while you're wishing. Come and eat."

They were comfortably at it when Cummings came into the counting room. They could hear his feet on the stairs.

Then, a little while afterwards, they heard another step, much slower, ascending the two flights towards them, and in a moment, Mr. McVitty had entered.

"Ah, Aloysius," said Gibbs. "The pastry's gone, but have some wine."

"I'll not join in wasting your substance," Mr. McVitty said disapprovingly. "Ames, Mr. Chevalier will be wanting the advices off the *Lily Dean*. He left instructions for you to fetch them to his house. They're ready."

"He's been wet and cold, and it's courting a chill to send him out," said Gibbs.

"You need not worry. Mr. Chevalier's a thoughtful man," said Mr. McVitty. "Are you ready? Come along Ames."

With the papers buttoned into his coat, young Ames emerged from the door of Number 42 and took the wind full in his face. He had a glimpse of a carriage waiting by the kerb, but he paid no attention to it, turning blindly uptown.

"Mr. Ames!"

The voice came to him clear through the driving snow, and he wheeled with a quick shiver of premonition. For the first time he recognized the team. Then he saw that the window of the near door had been let down.

He went back and looked in. There was just light enough for him to see into the red lined interior, but he did not need to see the person who had called to recognize her. He remembered the chilled faint perfume as if it had been yesterday instead of a month ago.

"Yes, Miss Chevalier," he said stupidly.

"Won't you get in?" she said. "It's freezing cold. Uncle lent me the carriage to take a bottle of wine to Miss Verplanck and asked me to pick you up on the way home. He wants you to supper. Just us," she added, "uncle and aunt and me."

Young Ames climbed in dumbly, closed the door on his heel and had to try again.

"Here's the robe," she said, and his hand touched her glove.

The carriage proceeded smoothly and silently through the snow. Young Ames sat in stiff silence. He knew he must seem like a fool. He had been thinking of her all through the months, and hadn't a word to say to her. As they passed a light he stole a glance at her. She was looking straight ahead, her lips composed, her hands hidden in her muff.

When they drew up at the house on Laight Street, young Ames got out quickly and held the door for her.

"It's not like your last visit, is it?" she asked, mischievously. "The impostor has turned into the conquering hero."

Young Ames gaped.

"I just wanted to say I feel very excited about it. I think it was wonderful. Uncle is very excited, too." She let the knocker fall. "Now," she said, "we shall be very decorous and proper and speak only when we're spoken to."

The coachman who had stayed waiting on the box drove the carriage away as soon as the door was opened by the butler. Miss Chevalier gave young Ames a slight nod and hurried up the stairs.

The butler, having discovered that young Ames had neither hat nor greatcoat, said, "Mr. Chevalier says for you please to come into the library till the ladies come down."

Mr. Chevalier was alone in front of the fire.

"Come in, Ames," he said. "I hope you're free for tonight."

"Free? Yes, sir. I've brought the advices."

"Oh, thank you." Mr. Chevalier put them on the table. "A glass of Madeira, Ames?" He poured glasses for young Ames and himself. He stood a moment silently regarding his clerk, his glass half raised. The blue eyes, usually so uncompromising, were speculative.

"Post and I talked it over," he said. He raised his glass. "We've decided that it is better that none of the firm go. It would create comment."

"Yes, sir," said Ames.

"So, before we get down to business, let's drink to the success of your trip to New Orleans."

Young Ames drank automatically, and the wine was in his throat before the meaning of Mr. Chevalier's words took hold in his brain.

Mr. Chevalier said slowly, "I should prefer it if you spent the night here. My coachman will take you down to the Amboy boat tomorrow morning. I have a thousand dollars cash for you and the letters which you will deliver to Maitland and Henriquez. You'll have a day's start on the mails and you mustn't lose the distance. You'll have to use your own judgment about bribing stage drivers and steamboat captains." He paused. "I take it you're willing to go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll give you the money tonight. You've shown today you know when to spend," he added, dryly. "But you'll have to make the thousand reach New Orleans."

"Will you pour me a glass to drink to Mr. Ames's journey, uncle?"

Miss Chevalier was standing in the door. She was wearing the same rose dress he remembered, and she smiled when she saw that he did. Her colour rose a little, but she regarded young Ames with level eyes.

"Might a lady make a suggestion?"

Mr. Chevalier glanced at her indulgently.

"Yes, Kittie."

"I do not think Mr. Ames's coat is adapted to the bribing of steamboat captains. It's no criticism of the coat in itself, please understand, Mr. Ames."

But young Ames suddenly laughed.

"I agree, Miss Chevalier," he said. "But what can I do? I haven't any other."

She nodded.

"I remember that one of uncle's fits you very well. I've asked Amber to bring it down to the hall, with uncle's approval. Will you change now?"

IN SEARCH OF A HERO

Continued from page 13

for he kept the horse moving onwards.

Desperately I lowered my head, shutting my eyes against the heat, and tried blindly to follow the old gentleman. I collided with something and heard another shout. It was Mr. Thingmebob. He was half carrying, half dragging something—a human body! I grabbed hold of the trailing legs, and between us we pulled the body clear of the flames. Margaret, meanwhile, was shouting to Longshanks—I saw Longshanks look round. He pulled the horse to a halt, and Mr. Thingmebob and I staggered with our burden to the wagon and heaved it over the tailboard.

I scarcely know what followed, but what seemed hours afterwards I was kneeling over Mr. Thingmebob in a quiet place. The fire raged to our left, but we were to the windward of it and safe. Margaret knelt beside me.

Mr. Thingmebob was unconscious but moaning. His clothes were burnt, and his face was blackened. And one of his hands was burnt to the finger bones—as we had only just discovered.

"He must be got to hospital at once," Longshanks exclaimed urgently, horrified.

Margaret was pale as death, but she kept her head. At once she tore off strips of her skirt and began tenderly to bandage the mutilated hand.

Then we heard a motor engine again and saw Peter drive up in his car—we were alongside the road. Realizing the necessity for speed, we hurried the unconscious Mr. Thingmebob to the vehicle and laid him on the back seat. Then we went to the wagon for the body which the old gentleman had rescued, at such a cost, from the flames. To our amazement the "body" was sitting up and staring at us stupidly, apparently uninjured! It was George Tolworthy, and he reeked of whisky.

While Peter drove Mr. Thingmebob to the nearest hospital, Margaret accompanying him, Longshanks and I, saddened and silent, walked towards the village, he leading the horse which had again been harnessed to the wagon. George Tolworthy had fallen asleep again—we guessed he had been in a drunken stupor before—and we let him lie undisturbed in the back of the wagon.

We came at length to a pond and there halted in order to wash ourselves, for I was much blackened with smoke and Longshanks was also begrimed. This done Longshanks went grimly to the wagon and without a word lifted in his strong arms the sleeping figure of George Tolworthy. While I watched him he dropped the man deliberately in the shallow pond.

George Tolworthy bellowed with fright. Longshanks ducked the fellow's head beneath the water and then dragged him ashore.

"That's sobered him," Longshanks commented without humour.

I was too tired and dispirited to remonstrate, even had I wanted to. Also I was thinking of Mr. Thingmebob's mutilated hand. And at that moment I thought, too, of the puppet-show. In tragic circumstances my decision was made. We should now have to join forces with Mr. Thingmebob and his daughter—provided that he recovered—for that damaged hand was not likely to heal for a long time, if, indeed, it were not permanently disabled.

That night as I sat alone at the window of my bedroom at the inn there was a knock at the door. Longshanks came in.

"Here's Margaret," he said soberly.

The girl's face was still pale.

"They say he'll be all right," she whispered. "But his poor hand!"

Longshanks was looking at me pleadingly. I went to the girl and put my arms clumsily round her, whispering consolation. Then the pent-up tears flowed.

Later still, when Margaret was in bed and we were alone, I asked Longshanks where Peter was.

"He's gone home for the night," he answered.

"I wonder if he realizes it was he who caused the fire," I said.

Longshanks shook his head. "You're wrong, Father," he assured me. "I smelt a rat when we found the rescued man was George Tolworthy. The fire was started by those two others—Jim Kemble and Joe Horsnail. I had it out with them tonight—threatened 'em with the police if they didn't confess. They made Tolworthy hopelessly drunk with whisky up on the common, the idea being that he should fall asleep—which he did. Then they planned to set fire to the common and pretend to rescue him. Unfortunately——"

"But why, Longshanks?" I demanded, incredulously.

"Have you forgotten the will?" asked Longshanks. "They know all about it—you should have guessed that from what happened at the inn last night. They knew you'd be somewhere in the neighbourhood—didn't you tell them so?—and so they thought they'd share the legacy."

The will had been completely driven out of my mind by the fire.

"Bless my soul!" I exclaimed. "I'd forgotten all about that. The hero of the occasion is Mr. Thingmebob. I shall certainly award the twenty-five thousand pounds to him."

"I hope you will," said Longshanks soberly, "for he deserves it—and he may need it now. But don't forget that the will stipulates that you've got to wait three months before making a decision and then award it to the person who——"

"I know that, Longshanks," I interrupted impatiently. "But it's impossible for anyone to be more heroic than Mr. Thingmebob's been. Certainly he shall have the money."

"We shall see," said Longshanks.

"I can't make head or tail of that new bacon slicer!"

A Wedding Present and a Pension

Are you planning for the future, or are you leaving it to chance? Whether you marry or not, a time will come when savings will prove useful.
But to save in the ordinary way is not easy. That is why thousands of young business women today are taking out

PRUDENTIAL *Everywoman* POLICIES

These policies offer a sure and simple way of providing for the future.

Here is an example for a girl aged 21—

If she marries at 28 she would receive **a bonus of £42,** £6 for every full year's premiums paid. At 60 she has the choice of a lump sum of **£695,** or an income for life of nearly **£49 a year.** Should she remain single she would have at 60 the choice of **£737 cash** or an income for life of nearly £52 a year.
OR
She can take, at an earlier age, less in cash or a smaller income.

• *Fill in and forward this coupon*

To **THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.**
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

I desire particulars of your "Everywoman" Policy

Exact date of birth

NAME *Miss* .....

ADDRESS .....

P.S.S.15.10.38 427

BODY

Duke got everything he asked for—and lost everything else

THE small, tight-lipped man stepped down from the stand. For ten minutes the sound of his thin voice had been the only sound in the crowded courtroom. The hush lasted a moment longer. Then came the flood of whispering, like sudden rain on a still night, and the scuffling of feet, and the nervous coughs. It was all over now. The tight-lipped man had clinched it; the prosecuting attorney wore an air of quiet victory. From the witness chair the quick staccato sentences had fallen with a metallic ring around the three defendants, dooming them, building prison bars around them. Their eyes, narrow with hate, followed the wiry figure as an attendant escorted him to a far exit.

The attendant led him down the corridor a little way, and stopped short in front of an office door. "In there, Duquesne," he said sharply. "Your hat and coat's in there."

The small man nodded sullenly. He went inside and gave a start. The familiar bulk of Frank McGill was sprawled uncomfortably in the undersized armchair.

McGill laughed and rubbed a big hand over his knee. There was no friendliness in his laugh—only a hint of triumph. "Finished singing your song, Duke, my boy?" he asked.

"What're you doing here?"

"Nothing much. Just waiting for you."

Duke kept on frowning. "You got your signals mixed," he said. "No one's looking for me."

"No? You'd be surprised."

"I ain't wanted. I'm State's evidence. Ask the D.A."

"Sure, Duke. You made a deal for yourself. You speak your little piece and the boys in there do a ten-to-twenty stretch and you're in the clear. That's why I'm here. Your three little playmates may want to even the score."

"Let 'em want to. What good will it do 'em?"

"Maybe they got friends outside."

Duke's eyes darted to his, widening with fear. "Do you know anything, Mac?" he said.

"Me? I don't know a thing. I'm just a dumb plainclothes dick. But the Chief's a little worried about your health."

Duke fumbled for a cigarette in his gold case. "I can take care of myself, I guess," he said.

McGill kept squinting at him appraisingly. "When did you learn this?" he said. "When we were kids you used to——"

"I don't want a cop trailing me around. Anyway, not you."

"The Chief thinks you need one. And I'm it." He laughed harshly. "It's a good one, ain't it? I'm your bodyguard, Duke."

"I'm leaving town tonight. I don't need you."

"Sure you're leaving town. And I'm staying with you till you do." McGill squeezed himself out of the chair and got to his feet. "It's like old times," he said. "I used to save your hide plenty in the old days when you pulled your ratty kid tricks. Did it because you were a skinny little runt and I was tough and liked to scrap. Now it's part of my job. 'See that he stays alive till he gets out of town,' the lieutenant says. 'All right,' I says, 'but what for?' 'I don't know,' he says. 'Chief's orders. Maybe it wouldn't look good if anything happened so soon.' So here I am, Duke. You're having company for dinner."

Duke stepped forward. "You're clever, Mac," he said. "But it won't do you any good. She's sticking with me, see? She goes where I go!"

McGill's heavy shoulders rose and fell. "Maybe, and maybe not," he said. "She won't like to admit she was wrong, I know. She's proud, Kitty is."

"You've never stopped wanting her, have you?" Duke said. "And you think now you can——"

McGill's hand moved forward leisurely and became a great heavy fist with half of Duke's coat collar wrinkled up inside it. "You've got a cockeyed slant on cops," he said calmly. "When a good cop's on duty, that's all he thinks about."

Duke shrugged. "You're my bodyguard. I can't help that, I guess. But you're not hers. You want to remember that." He paused and came a little closer. "They gave me a permit when this trial started. So now I carry a gun."

McGill laughed quickly. "I carry one, too," he said. "To keep you from getting hurt. It's funny, all right. Ready, Duke? I'm sort of anxious to get going. Let me out first. You stay back till I give you the nod."

Together they crossed the sidewalk to the curb—the big lumbering man in shapeless blue serge, and the small wiry one in form-fitting tan.

"You're pale as a ghost." McGill grinned.

Duke wet his lips. "You're putting on an act," he said. "The Chief don't know anything."

"He usually does. And he sent me, didn't he? Sit back in the corner and you'll be all right."

"This is fun for you, ain't it?" Duke said bitterly.

McGill nodded brightly. "This part, sure," he said. "After this, I don't know. Seeing her there in your place, cooking your dinner and waiting on you——" He broke off and shrugged. "But she married you. Maybe it's what she wants. That's what I'm going to find out."

They left the downtown traffic and headed north along the broad, straight highway. At the traffic circle the cab detached itself from the speeding string of cars and became a separate particle again. McGill knew the street; it was the former aristocratic part of town, gone flashy. He had worked around here on the narcotic squad, and again on a homicide job. There were big expensive cars parked on the street. A lot of money came here—all kinds of money, buying anything it wanted.

The cab came to a stop and Duke paid the driver from inside. On the curb, McGill looked around him. There was only one man in sight. He stood near by, cupping his hands and lighting a cigarette against the wind. His eyes met McGill's and the match flickered out and he moved on.

McGill turned back to the cab. "See that one?" he said. "That guy with the grey overcoat?

"What about him? He's just a guy."

"Looked like he was hanging around."

Duke swallowed. The taxi was glass-topped and the overhead street light shone through, and McGill saw the muscles around his mouth work nervously. "Have your fun, copper," Duke said. "What's it going to get you?"

McGill's eyebrows went up and he looked aggrieved. "I got to do my job," he said. "I'm a good cop. I can't let you get hurt."

"It's no good, Mac. Those three guys downtown ain't got any friends. They're from out of town."

"Their friends might take a little trip to see the big city. Of course, I wouldn't know. But maybe the Chief does." He gave another glance around him. "It's clear," he said. "Stay right with me."

GUARD

BY MATT TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"Please, Mac!" the girl cried. "He'd do it! I know he would." She turned her head and said, "I'll go with you, Duke." "Sure, you'll go. There ain't any argument. You turn round again, Mac. And take it easy"

They crossed the sidewalk and Duke ran ahead up the steps. McGill took a final look. The man in the grey overcoat across the street was still there.

McGill stepped into the dimly lit hall. His heart was speeding up a bit now. In front of the mirror he straightened his tie and smoothed his tumbling blond hair. He hung back a little behind the gaudy draperies at the living room door, and let Duke go first. He wanted to see her before she saw him, before she had time to pretend. He stood there and felt the colour crowding up into his neck and behind his ears, the way it used to in the old days.

She was facing him, sitting in a deep chair and smoking. He watched her eyes meet Duke's. She had always had such eager, compelling eyes. Eyes that were quick to sparkle, with plenty of devilment and a lot of fight in them. She was dark, Irish type, which is more vital and alive than the blue-eyed colleens. Her face was pert and pretty, and her small chin firm. She was the most fun of any girl he had known when he was a boy; later, when he was old enough to hold her hand and want to kiss her goodnight, the most exciting. This was the way he remembered her—not the way he saw her as he watched from behind the wine-coloured drapes.

He set his jaw and waited. It's just that she's older, he thought. Everyone changes in five years. He's got plenty of dough, but he's always in trouble, or right on the edge of it, and she knows and worries. It must be that. It couldn't be—couldn't possibly be—that she's afraid!

She drew deeply on her cigarette and her eyes burned brightly—but with a strange, unnatural brightness—as she looked at Duke. She was tired and worn out and all the rouge in the world couldn't change it. "What is it, Duke?" she said, and McGill, listening, felt a sharp, dry ache in his throat. It was something in her voice. "I did everything you said," she went on defensively. "I packed all except that one bag. Why are you looking at me like that?"

Duke nodded curtly. "We've got company," he said, and McGill stepped forward.

She sat rigid a moment when she saw him. Then, she sprang to her feet. "Mac!" she said. "Frank!" She took one step towards him and stopped, as though she had remembered something. "Is it about Duke? Has he——"

"Duke's all set," McGill broke in gruffly. "He's the fair-haired boy downtown. Him and the Chief are buddies." He held out his hand. "I'm glad to see you, Kitty."

Their hands met and he held hers in a tight grip until her eyes, darting to Duke's, begged him to let go. "You bowled me over," she said with a small laugh. "I can hardly believe——"

"I'm on duty," McGill said shortly. He pulled his eyes away from her and looked around the room. "You want to draw your shade, Duke," he said. "There's no sense in asking for it." He crossed to the window, pulled the shade carefully, and came back to the girl.

"So you're leaving the old town?" McGill said.

"Tonight," she nodded.

"Where you heading for?"

"She don't know," Duke said quickly. "And if she did she wouldn't say."

McGill kept looking at the girl. "Wouldn't you, Kitty? Why wouldn't you?"

Duke didn't give her a chance. "Why do you think?" he said. "She's got better sense."

"I'm talking to her. Do you want to go 'way, Kitty?"

"She wants to go wherever I go," Duke said.

For a moment they stood there, the three of them close together. McGill wasn't smiling now—it was Duke's turn for that.

"I'll see about dinner," the girl said at last. "Will he stay, Duke?"

"I stay if Duke stays. I'm taking care of his precious skin."

The girl turned quickly and left them. McGill followed as far as the door. There was a framed picture of Duke resting on the piano and McGill took it and held it a moment, studying it. It was an actory pose—the head lowered, the dark eyes upraised, a smoking cigarette between fingers heavy with diamonds. He was flashy, but handsome, with all the charm in the world if he wanted to turn it on. Five years ago he had turned it on, and a rookie cop who couldn't keep his head in an argument with a girl, had lost out against it. McGill spread his hands and the photo crashed to the floor and the broken glass scattered.

From across the room Duke frowned. "That won't get you anywhere," he said. "That and calling names."

McGill moved toward him swiftly. "What have you done to her?" he said.

Duke smiled. "She's quieted down a lot," he said. He stepped back. McGill's big fist had closed. "You're on duty, Mac," he said. "You're my bodyguard. It wouldn't look right if anything happened. Chief's orders, ain't they?" McGill's fingers straightened again, and Duke laughed. "You're a good cop, Mac," he said. "A swell cop."

The girl was standing in the doorway. Duke brushed past McGill and went quickly to her. "We'll pack that last bag," he said.

Her eyes moved to his reluctantly. "You said you didn't want me to touch it."

"I'm telling you now I do." He smiled shortly. "Mac can entertain himself for a while."

McGill lit a cigarette. The palms of his hands were moist and he rubbed them together. He went to the window, drew back the shade a little and looked out. Automatically his eye took in the scene and his mind made notes. A few cars parked on both sides of the street. One, an expensive sedan no longer new, almost directly opposite, heading east. Its licence that of a neighbouring state, the numerals indistinguishable. A man sitting at the wheel, smoking. No one of interest passing. The man with the grey overcoat no longer in sight.

He smoked two cigarettes before they returned. Duke was gayer now. "Get something for us to eat," he said to the girl. He left the two bags in the hall and nodded pleasantly at McGill. "Kitty and me will have to eat and run," he said. "That ain't polite, is it? But the car's coming in half an hour."

McGill frowned. "Chauffeur and everything, eh?" he said.

"Sure. Someone you know, too. Pete Golden's his name."

"I've run into him once or twice. They paroled him too soon. They always do."

"He's a good driver," Duke said. "Reliable, too. He'll be right on time."

They sat down to dinner. They didn't talk. McGill kept watching the girl across the table—how she didn't eat, or even pretend to; how her eyes lifted quickly to his and fell again; how her lips parted for words that never came.

Duke pushed back his plate and raised his arm to see the watch on his wrist. "In about ten minutes," he said. His eyes flashed jubilantly now. "Get the coffee, Kitty."

McGill got to his feet. "I'll help with that," he said.

"She don't need help!"

The girl stood there looking from one to the other. She turned away and turned back again quickly, and in that one moment a new look had come into

(*please turn over*)

Ginger you're wanted—

to keep out the cold..

Ginger! Everyone's calling for Ginger! Ginger to keep you warm. Ginger to keep you glowing. That's why STONE'S *Original* Ginger Wine is still the favourite drink. For 200 years it has built up resistance and warded off colds. Always have a bottle handy.

STONE'S Ginger WINE 2/9

FAMOUS SINCE THE YEAR 1740

Try also STONE'S ORANGE TONIC WINE 2/9

O.W. 6B

Every morning's a Good morning in a 'Halo'

No rude awakening for she who retires in a 'Halo' 774! Every curl's in place, every hair's unruffled. And during the day, for outdoor recreation, that same versatile hair net proves equally useful for many occasions, for the chin elastic can be easily slipped round the back of the net. There's no finer art silk net made. It's obtainable in all natural hair and six pastel shades. Price 2d.; and 3d. with Lastex yarn non-marking edge. From chemists, hairdressers stores, drapers and Boots

HALO '774' hair nets

THE PERFECT COMPLEXION Has NO Shiny NOSE or FACE

Shine spoils the most perfect complexion or make-up. A shiny nose or face has worried my Lady throughout the ages. But to-day Elvira's NOshiNO banishes the risk of face shine and prevents PORE CLOGGING and ENLARGED PORES, often the result of continuous powdering. Moreover it allows that attractive peach-like bloom. 2 drops of NOshiNO applied in the morning or before a dance will keep you shine-free for 7-8 hours. Many genuine unsolicited appreciations prove our statement.

British Made

1/- and 2/6 Dressing Table Size

THE ORIGINAL COLOURLESS, ODOURLESS, HARMLESS, ANTI-SHINE.

Buy a 1/- handbag size to-day

ELVIRA'S NOshiNO

from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES', HEPPELLS, LEWIS AND BURROWS and all Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, or post free from ELVIRA CO., LTD., 23, Hanson Street, London, W.1

her eyes. "He won't leave us alone, Mac," she said.

"I know."

"And I've got to talk to you. I *must* —before I go!"

Duke leaned forward. "I'd shut up if I was you, Kitty," he said.

McGill moved to her and took her hand. "Go ahead and talk, kid," he said. "Talk just as though he wasn't here." He held her chair for her and drew another close. Their hands met openly on the table.

Across the table Duke drew in his breath sharply. "You're making a big mistake," he said.

McGill's hand held hers more tightly. "Tell it to me, kid," he said.

Her smile came bravely. "I tried to see it through, Mac," she said. "I'm proud, I guess. I'm stubborn proud."

"I'm just as bad. I should have looked you up. But after you ran out on me——"

"I was so wrong, Mac! So terribly, terribly wrong! And when I think of that silly quarrel, how unimportant it was. . . . Oh, things look so different when they're behind you!"

McGill nodded. "We were a couple of hot-headed kids," he said gruffly. "We messed things up."

Duke pushed back his chair. "Talk fast, Mac," he said. "Talk good and fast. It's about five minutes now."

McGill did not turn. He kept looking at the girl, seeing her as she used to be, remembering all the things they had said when they were very young, the promises they'd made and meant to keep, high-sounding phrases learned from books to tell each other that which needed no words, but only a single understanding glance. Such a glance as held them now, as Duke stood between them, his thin face dark with anger.

"He's changed you, Kitty."

"It's been five years."

"If he's hurt you, I'll——"

"Not that way. But it's been five years of his kind of life. Meeting his kind of people. Hiding out, sometimes. Having money you're afraid to spend, even for food and things you need, because you don't know where the money came from and you're afraid they may. It changes you, Mac."

"You shouldn't have stayed."

"We were married. It's supposed to mean something. That's what they taught us, didn't they, Mac? And there was always the chance that he'd be different."

"You can't stand any more," McGill said.

"No, I can't stand any more."

He drew his hand from hers and stood up quickly. Duke's eyes were narrow slits; his hands were deep in his pockets, jingling keys and coins.

"This washes it up, Duke," McGill said. "You get out of town, but you get out alone."

Duke's lips parted to answer, and closed again. The doorbell was ringing—three short rings and a long one. Duke turned abruptly away.

McGill followed slowly. He waited in the living-room until Golden came in, his bulging form grotesque in the fitted chauffeur's coat. His eyes widened as he saw McGill standing there. "Him?" he said. "What for?"

Duke laughed harshly. "He's taking care of me," he said. "He's seeing me safe out of town."

"Let Pete take the bags," McGill ordered. "You stay out of sight."

"See how careful he is? He even takes care of my wife! Don't you, Mac?"

"It's all washed up, Duke. Get going."

"Without her?"

"I told you before."

Duke shrugged. He lifted up the palms of his hands and let them fall hopelessly. "Get the bags then, Pete," he said. "Those two behind Mac. Take care of everything." He paused a moment. "*Take care of everything!*"

McGill heard the girl scream from the dining-room door. He tried to turn. Even after he felt the thing pressing into his back he tried to turn. The man back of him stepped closer. "That's a gun, you fool!" he said close to McGill's ear.

Duke strode forward. "Keep digging it in," he said.

Over his shoulder McGill called: "Stay back, Kitty. Keep out of it!" He felt his gun pulled from the holster at his hip. With its familiar weight gone, it was as though they had removed some part of him. They pulled the handcuffs from his pocket; they turned him around to face the wall and kept him there. He heard them moving at the back of him; heard Duke's thin rasping voice giving orders.

"Now the bags," Duke said. "Get them in the car. I'll stay here with him. You, Kitty—get your hat and coat, if you're wearing any."

McGill moistened his lips. "You can't get away with it, Duke," he said.

"Can't I? What law does it break? Bring out your rule book, Mac. City ordinance number so-and-so—a man can't take his wife with him on a trip."

"You can't kidnap her!"

"I wouldn't call it that. Neither will Kitty. You'll see. Kitty's going to be a good little girl from now on."

McGill wheeled around. He would have lunged at Duke without caring if the girl hadn't thrown herself in front of him, her arms tight on his shoulders, her head buried against his coat. "Please Mac!" she cried. "He'd do it! I know he would." She turned her head sideways. "I'll go with you, Duke," she said.

"Sure you'll go. There ain't any argument. Turn around again, Mac."

Golden came back into the room. "The bags are in," he said. "What happens to him?"

"We take him along," Duke said smilingly. "He's my bodyguard, ain't he?"

"He could stay here. We could fix it so he wouldn't talk."

"Could you start it up, my wife wants to see if her instructions can be heard easily from the back!"

Duke laughed. "He's on duty. He's got to see me safe out of town. So we drop him up at the city line."

"He's pretty big. He may start to slug."

"Not wearing his own bracelets, he won't slug. Put 'em out behind your back, Mac."

McGill felt his wrists caught in the twin rings of cold steel. "We'll take 'em off when we drop you," Duke said. "Keep those keys, Pete. And just so you won't talk, Mac—" He turned to Golden. "Get that bottle from the cupboard inside," he said. "It's four-year-old stuff, Mac. Kind of a shame to waste it on you. But you'll drink it while we ride, if I have to pour it down." He made a reproving clicking noise with his tongue. "You're going to be awful drunk, Mac. On duty, too—a good cop like you!"

"Duke, please!"

"Shut up, Kitty! Get your things."

Kitty was sent ahead. They themselves walked on either side of McGill to shield from sight his locked wrists behind him. But the street was empty, except for parked cars.

They put Kitty in the front seat. McGill and Duke were to ride in the back. Duke settled himself comfortably. "I can just see you, Mac," he said smilingly, "reeling into the precinct house. I can just *hear* you trying to talk, and make 'em believe——"

He broke off. McGill wasn't looking at him; he was looking past him through the car window, his lips parted, not smiling exactly, but stripped in a tense, excited grin. "Look, Duke!" he whispered, and Duke turned.

It was too late to get out of the car. Too late for Golden to start the motor and get going. Too late to do anything but sit and wait. The three men from the sedan with the out-of-town licence came noiselessly across the street and each had a hand dipped inside his coat. Two of them moved close to Golden; the third—a man in a grey overcoat—pulled open the rear door.

He leaned inside. He wasn't excited. He wasn't in any hurry at all. "The little guy's in the wrong car," he said.

McGill's wrists strained against the binding steel. Beside him, he saw Duke white and trembling, wetting his lips, pushing back against the cushions.

"Mac!" Duke whispered. "Don't let them!"

The man's hand came out from beneath his grey coat. "We just want the little guy," he said. "Just the little guy, that's all." The two in front did not say a word.

Duke twisted in his seat. He couldn't look away from the man at the car door, but he whispered again, out of the side of his mouth, a dry, beseeching whisper more terrible to hear than any women's scream. "For the love of God, Mac!"

McGill was breathing heavily. "I got bracelets on. *You* put 'em on!"

"Never mind the talk, little guy," the man at the door said.

A taxi sped by with a fare, its radio going full blast, and a single bar of dance music broke the stillness and faded away. Across the street a young couple walked past hurriedly, eager for the evening ahead, and the girl laughed.

"Listen, Mac! It's all right about Kitty!" He wasn't whispering now; his voice rose, thin and shrill with fear. "You can have her, Mac! But don't let them——"

"Shut up, Duke! I can't stop them. You fixed it so I can't."

"Come on, squealer," the man at the door said. "This is business."

In front, Kitty was sobbing softly, watching. Golden sat motionless, staring rigidly ahead, his bulging shoulder muscles tense beneath the tight coat, his hands locked over the wheel. Duke kept twisting, pushing back, whimpering.

The man at the door reached in and took hold of Duke's arm. He pulled him forward in the seat and out of the car. Together they crossed the street to the waiting sedan. Duke was shoved inside. The two others followed slowly, looking back over their shoulders. The motor had been running all the time. It gave a sudden roar, and McGill had his last glimpse at Duke's face as the sedan leaped forward.

Kitty covered her face with her hands. Golden's arms fell to his sides, his shoulders slumped forward. "Cheez!" he whispered. "Cheez!"

McGill's throat was dry; the words stuck and wouldn't come out. He swallowed hard. "Quick, Golden!" he said. "Give her those keys. Kitty, come back here and get these off. No use going after 'em. We'd lose 'em before we could turn. Drive like hell to the corner. I'll phone from there. Hurry, Kitty!"

She came in to the back and worked with the keys and the steel fell from him. Kitty sat there beside him, so close he could feel her tremble.

"Can—can we stop them, Mac?"

"We've got to try," he said shortly.

"But *can* we?"

He turned and looked at her and his eyes told her everything. She gave a small sobbing cry and trembled again. "It's so awful," she said, "thinking of him in that car with them."

"Yeah. It's awful, the way they do it."

"And the way he looked at us! I'll never forget it."

His hand touched hers. "In time you will," he said. "You'll forget a lot of things." The car drew up sharply at the corner. McGill hardened again. "I'll phone," he said tersely. "Golden, you wait. They'll want descriptions. Try to remember. Get 'em clear in your mind."

Golden sat limply behind the wheel. "It won't do no good," he said dully. "They know their business, those guys. It won't do no good."

Kitty was looking at the drug-store door, where McGill had gone. "He's a good cop," she said. "A swell cop."

1948 A.D.

Though much will have changed, you can still be using the same hollow ground blade and the same

ROLLS RAZOR

Self Stropping
Self Honing
Hollow Ground

The World's most Economical Safety

21/-, 27/6

Presentations Sets up to - - 20 gns.

SHAVING BOWLS 3/6 (Refills 1/6)
SHAVING STICKS 2/6 (Refills 1/6)
SHAVING BRUSHES 5 - to 15 -

Illustrated catalogue from Sales Office, Rolls Razor Ltd., London, N.W.2

D.A.67

Right for any room
in the house

The Otto is at once the most efficient and the best-looking stove in existence. Slide the door out of sight and you have a perfect open stove. Slide it down and you have the perfect closed stove. There are no cold corners in an Otto-heated room because the Otto warms the whole room by convection. And because it is designed by a world-famous artist-engineer the Otto looks right in any room in the house. The Otto burns any fuel, stays in for days on end, and only needs attention once every twelve hours.

£10 Ten Pounds is all that the Otto costs. Made in one size only, it is finished in ebony black or mottled beige vitreous enamel; or in 'Alisheen' de luxe finish at £11 . 10 . 0

These prices do not apply in Eire

SEE THE **OTTO** *HEATING STOVE* BEFORE YOU BUY

★ *Post this coupon for a free illustrated booklet and name of your nearest stockist.*

Name.....

Address .....
P.S.2.

ALLIED IRONFOUNDERS LTD · MORTIMER HOUSE · 37/41 MORTIMER STREET · LONDON · W.1

YOU cannot be perfectly fit unless you have a healthy mouth. Euthymol—the antiseptic tooth paste recommended by dentists for over forty years—with a dentist's inspection every six months will give you sparkling teeth and strong, healthy gums. Try it! Price 1s. 3d. from all chemists, or you can send for a free 7-day sample to—Dept. 10/111, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1

Ask for

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Keep Your Nails Clean and Hands Well Groomed!

Keene's **Perox-Chlor**

(say Perox-Klor)

The magic nail cleaner and hand beautifier. Takes out the dirt, makes the tips Ivory White, and leaves the hands soft, white and fragrant.
Your nails and hands will always look newly manicured when using this new scientific treatment of Peroxide and Chlorine. No mess! No bother! Just squeeze a little on your nail brush and shampoo your nails and hands. Presto! Your nails and hands become immaculate immediately!

Indispensable to HOUSEWIVES, GARDENERS, SURGEONS, MOTORISTS, BUSINESS MEN, OFFICE WORKERS, in fact, everybody, man and woman alike.

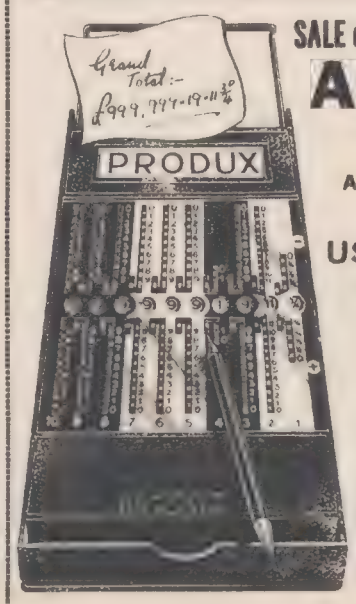
Care of the nails and hands is more important than care of the teeth, hair or clothes.

1/3, 3/-, in tubes or jars.
AT ALL CHEMISTS

OUR HONEST GUARANTEE!

Order a 1/3 tube or jar from your chemist today. Use it for a few weeks. If you are not absolutely amazed at the wonderful improvement, post us the wrapper and we will refund your money without question or quibble. DO IT NOW!

KEENE'S LABORATORIES,
287, Gray's Inn Road, London.



SALE of New 10-COLUMN SUPER-DESK-SIZE

ADDING MACHINES

Allowing calculations to within one farthing of £1,000,000

USUALLY 75/-
NOW ONLY
32/6

POST FREE TO CLEAR

CASH OR C.O.D.

The machines are fitted with automatic cancellers and black moroccan detachable cases. Easy to operate. Full instructions forwarded. Willingly sent on

7 DAYS' APPROVAL

against remittance which is immediately refundable in event of non-purchase. Write or call personally. One minute from Holborn Kingsway Tube Station.

MARINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES LTD., (Dept. 463)
16 BARTER STREET, HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.1

Beautiful Furniture year in and year out . . . because

'REXINE' BRAND COVERED FURNITURE

wears so well

Dust, dirt and stains have no permanent place on 'Rexine'—they can be wiped off in a second with a damp cloth. You can obtain 'Rexine' in practically any colour. Also remember

★ **'DAMASCLENE'** The waterproof stainless and fadeless table cloth Useful for lining shelves and walls near sinks and cookers. In many colours and patterns.

I.C.I. (REXINE) LTD., HYDE, CHESHIRE

"Rexine" is a registered trade mark, the property of I.C.I. (Rexine) Ltd., a subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

London Office: 60 Wilson Street, Finsbury, E.C.2.

R.A: 587

You'll be proud of the puddings you make with Stork!

A really satisfying finish to a meal — this steamed golden sponge-pudding! It's light and delicious, and nourishing too! But it's only one of the many delectable puddings that Stork makes so tempting! You'll use the same foundation recipe for steamed ginger pudding, orange pudding, and treacle pudding with a real syrup flavour. On warm summer days, when you're needing a refreshing sweet, you can make light peach dumplings or crispy apple charlotte.

And on party occasions you'll find chocolate soufflé everybody's favourite. If you want the recipes for all these delicious puddings and a whole lot more besides, as well as for all kinds of creams and sauces to go with them, send for THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO HOME COOKING, the wonderful Stork Cookery Book that's *absolutely free.*

Fill in voucher and post at once; you will receive your copy of this fascinating free book!

Cut this out and post quick!

Please send me a copy of your Free Book, "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking," which contains REGULO MARKS for all baked dishes.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Company, Dept. Y.20, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

STORK MARGARINE

SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D

GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY POUND

JS 240-71

Your Work— AND Your Pay

This is the London Headquarters of the INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Facts About the I.C.S.

Branches in 30 countries; students in 50. More than 875,000 British students have enrolled.

The Admiralty and other State Depts. have made special arrangements with I.C.S. for training of men.

More than 1,000 text-books, prepared by the I.C.S. in London for postal teaching, are marvels of clearness, accuracy and practical helpfulness.

80 Instructors at Kingsway, many of them Associates, Members or Fellows of their respective technical bodies. All are specialists.

400 Courses of Instruction, including one for YOU.

The size of your salary largely depends on what you know and therefore can do. The more you know, the greater your pay.

Success is based on trained ability. Unless you have studied IN YOUR SPARE TIME, you have little chance of promotion, for knowledge acquired in everyday work is not enough.

You must know the principles underlying your work and be familiar with the many processes closely related to that work. The one and only means of obtaining such knowledge is specialized study.

If you have not yet had a specialized training, you should start to get one without delay. Or perhaps your knowledge has become a little out of date and needs modernizing. In either case the I.C.S. can help you. *Our expert advice on any matter concerning your work and your career is yours for the asking—free and without obligation.*

Write for Special Free Booklet on any of these Subjects or use the coupon below

Advertising	Display	Motor Engineering
Aeronautical Engineering	Dressmaking	Radio
Agriculture	Electrical Engineering	Salesmanship
Architecture	General Education	Sanitary Engineering
Building Construction	Horticulture	Scientific Management
Chemical Engineering	Insurance	Service Examinations
Commercial Art	Journalism	Short-Story Writing
Commercial Lettering, etc.	Marine Engineering	Surveying
Commercial Training	Mechanical Engineering	Textile Manufacturing
Civil Engineering	Mining	Woodworking

These booklets include details of Courses for various Examinations

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.
Dept. 168, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Please send Special Free Booklet on .....

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

I.C.S.

THE IDEAL COMPANION FOR THE LONG EVENINGS

—THE 1939 Berkeley SUPERLAX

FIRESIDE EVENINGS are back again, and to make the best of the long, peaceful hours with a book or pipe, knitting or sewing, you should spend them in the glorious comfort of the 1939 Berkeley Superlax. This is a new Easy Chair that sets the highest standard in home comfort. Thanks to the enormous demand for Berkeley Upholstery and to constant improvements in production at the great Berkeley factories, we are able to offer this sensationally improved model *at a reduced price.* Never, even in the long history of Berkeley successes, has better value ever been given, and the price is one that everybody can afford.

This 1939 Berkeley Superlax has new features which affect every part of the chair. It has a completely novel 'billowed' back, designed to afford your back and shoulders and head the most luxurious comfort. For your arms or hands to rest on there are thickly padded, rounded arms. Your legs too will be more comfortable because the new seat is rounded in front, while the springs are set even deeper than before. This model is equally suitable for tall and short. It has the well-known patented automatic action enabling you to change to any position—upright, resting or lounging—without leaving or adjusting the Chair. Fitted with concealed castors. The upholstery is of the finest quality—arms and seat being ALL HAIR stuffed—and you can **choose your own Coverings** to match any scheme of decoration.

Fully Patented No. 414464. Registered Design.

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money back if not satisfied within 7 days. **FREE Delivery in England, Scotland and Wales.**

Genuine Berkeleys cannot be obtained from any other furnishing house.

IN B QUALITY COVERINGS

CASH PRICE **68/6**

or 72/-:— 5/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

SETTEE to match £5 : 15 : 0

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.
(Dept. P.S.)
70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

West End Showrooms: 133, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1

Branches 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM.

COUPON Please send me Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Passing Show .....

SAILOR ON HORSEBACK

Continued from page 9

Clear of interruption, he lifted his voice to the stars in his own dirge and quite enjoyed the thought of saying good-bye to the whole works.

However, the cold water sobered him; he decided that he didn't want to die, after all. He undressed and struck out, crossing the current at right angles. When daylight broke he found himself in the tide rips of Mare Island where the swift ebbs from Vallejo and Carquinez Straits were fighting each other. He was exhausted and numb with cold; the land breeze was washing waves into his mouth. A few moments more and such great novels as *Call of the Wild, The Sea Wolf, Iron Heel, Martin Eden, Valley of the Moon, Burning Daylight, Star Rover* and a hundred superb short stories would have drowned in the flood tide from San Pablo Bay. A Greek fisherman running in for Vallejo hauled him, unconscious, over the side of the boat. It was the end of his wild drinking for many years.

A few days later, while running in a load of oysters with Young Scratch at Benicia, they were hailed by a state officer who suggested that they give up the fugitive life of an oyster pirate and become deputies for the Fish Patrol. San Francisco Bay was infested with Chinese shrimp raiders and Greek salmon thieves who were violating the fish laws of the state. These men were not imprisoned when caught, they were fined. Jack was offered fifty per cent of the fines collected from the law violators he captured. He gleefully accepted the job as state officer and was appointed a deputy of the Patrol.

His first assignment was a raid on the Chinese shrimp catchers who put down nets of such fine mesh that not even newly hatched fish could pass through. Jack, Young Scratch and four other patrolmen left the Oakland docks in the *Reindeer* and a salmon boat. They ran down after dark, dropped anchor under the bluff of Point Pinole, and at dawn slanted across the bay on the land breeze. The shrimp fleet lay spread out in a half-moon, the tips of the crescent three miles apart, each junk moored fast to the buoy of a shrimp net. The Chinese were asleep below.

Jack was ordered to throw Young Scratch and George, one of the patrolmen, each on to a junk, and make fast to a third himself. He ran up under the lee of a junk, shivered his mainsail into the wind and glided past the stern so slowly that Young Scratch stepped lightly aboard. By now a conch shell was sounding the alarm. The decks were beginning to swarm with half-naked Chinese. Jack rounded the *Reindeer* alongside another junk for George to spring aboard. Then he threw out his mainsheet and drove down before the wind on a junk to the leeward. The boats came together with a crash, the two starboard sweeps of the junk crumpling.

An evil-looking Chinaman with a yellow silk bandana tied around his pock-marked face let out a curdling yell of rage, planted a pike pole on the *Reindeer's* bow and began shoving the entangled boats apart. Jack paused long enough to let go the jib halyards, and as the *Reindeer* cleared he leapt aboard the junk with a line and made fast.

Alone, unarmed, he stood facing five threatening Chinamen, each of whom carried a long knife under his sash. They advanced upon him threateningly, but he stood his ground and put his hand on his hip pocket. The Chinamen retreated. He ordered them to drop anchor at the junk's bow. When they refused, he went forward, let go the anchor, and with his hand still on his empty hip pocket, forced the Chinamen to board the *Reindeer*. He then sailed his boat to the junk on which he had left George, who herded his Chinamen on board at the point of a revolver.

The Chinaman wearing the yellow bandana brushed against Jack's hip pocket and felt that he had no revolver. He quickly incited his men who prepared to rush the two patrolmen and throw them overboard. George, the deputy with the revolver, was in a funk and demanded that Jack put the Chinamen ashore on the beach at Point Pedro. He refused. George turned his revolver on Jack and cried: "Now will you head for the beach?"

Faced by a gun and sixteen Chinamen with knives, Jack thought of the shame of losing his prisoners. He threw one hand into the air and brought his head down. The bullet went high. He then grabbed George's wrist. The Chinamen lunged at him. He swung George's body around to receive their impact, ripped the revolver from George's fingers, and flung him at Yellow Bandana, who stumbled and fell over him to the deck, giving Jack time to cover the prisoners with the gun.

His share of the fines was nearly £20.

He worked for the Fish Patrol for nearly a year, living, fighting and adventuring with hundreds of men: honest and courageous patrolmen, sailors, gamblers, fishermen, barkeepers, stevedores, navigators, men who had been to every port of the world, seen every sight, committed every kind of crime, loved every kind of woman and engaged in every kind of adventure. He was seventeen now, big and strong and bold, with the feel and look of the man about him. He wanted to see the world, and there was only one way for him to reach it.

Becoming a deep-sea sailor had been implicit in his fate ever since the moment four years before, when he had bought a leaky skiff for eight shillings and sailed it down the estuary. There were many ships tied up along the San Francisco docks, among which he might choose: freighters, schooners, passenger ships. He chose the most romantic of the lot, one of the last whaling vessels to sail out of San Francisco Bay, headed for Korea, Japan, Siberia and ninety days of harpooning whales—for had he not read Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*?

Though he had never been out of the Golden Gate Strait, he had signed on as an able-bodied seaman because it carried a higher wage. The other sailors were men who had been at sea for years, and had paid with years of suffering to acquire their sea skill. They resented this youngster being signed on as an equal. Unless Jack could prove that he knew his job he would be forced to suffer seven months of such maltreatment as one can only undergo in a sailing schooner from which there is no escape.

On the third day out, the *Sophie Sutherland* ran into a storm. It was Jack's trick at the wheel. The captain questioned whether this seventeen-year-old boy could hold the ship on her course in the fierce wind and swift running sea. After watching him for a few minutes the skipper nodded his approval and went below for his supper. Jack fought the storm while the wind whipped his hair into his eyes, exulting in keeping the vessel on her tack for an hour without another soul on deck, the entire crew leaving its fate in his hands. Nothing he ever was to accomplish made him prouder or gave him more pleasure.

When the storm had lifted and the *Sophie Sutherland* was once again racing along, Jack noticed that the resentment was gone from the faces of his mates.

He made friends with Big Victor and Axel, and for the rest of the cruise they were known as the Three Sports.

At length the *Sophie Sutherland* lifted the volcanic peaks of the Bonin Islands, sailed in among the reefs to the land-locked harbour and dropped anchor among a score of whaling sea gipsies like herself. Jack was wild to get ashore, to climb a pathway that disappeared up a green canyon, emerged on a bare lava slope, and continued to climb among palms and flowers and strange native villages.

The Three Sports went ashore. Jack was their pal and they each had to buy him a drink, and he was their pal and he had to buy them each a drink.

Though the *Sophie Sutherland* remained in the bay of Bonin Islands for ten days, Jack never climbed the path among the flowers and native villages. Instead he made hundreds of friends among the whalers, heard endless yarns, got drunk with his comrades, helped wreck the native village, sang rollicking sea chanties under the stars and in general behaved like an old tar.

Having filled her water casks, the *Sophie Sutherland* raced for the north. Jack, who was a boat-puller, spent many days binding the oars and rowlocks in leather and sennit so that they would make no noise when creeping up on the seals. Then one day the lookout signalled the coast of Japan, and they picked up with the great seal herd. North they travelled with it, following as far as the coast of Siberia, ravaging and killing, flinging the naked carcases to the sharks and salting down the skins.

After three months, the *Sophie Sutherland* sailed south, a batch of skins in her salt, and a heavy pay day coming. At Yokohama Jack drank shoulder to shoulder with the men with whom he had faced death and incredible hardship, smiling to himself when he remembered that only five months before they had thought him a boy who had no right to call himself a seaman.

Back in San Francisco he bought his mates one round of drinks, bade them farewell, and took the ferry boat home to Oakland.

He found his family in debt, trying to live on the few dollars that John London earned as a constable of Brooklyn township. From his *Sophie Sutherland* wages he paid the bills, bought himself a second-hand hat, coat and vest, some cheap shirts and two suits of shoddy underwear. What was left he turned over to Flora.

His infatuation with the Oakland waterfront was now quite dead; he had no more desire for vagrancy. For a few days he soaked himself in books at the library, then it was time to settle down.

NEXT WEEK:
On The Road

Design for Laziness

A COTTAGE designed for laziness on a grand scale will be seen at Woman's Fair and Exhibition at Olympia, next month.

Abandoning all pre-conceived ideas, Le Corbusier and Clive Entwhistle designed this "Lazy House" with a view to reducing to a minimum all human effort.

Before a line was drawn every aspect of week-end life was considered and the finished design has embodied the freedom of the modern cottage, the warmth of the Tudor style and the reticence of the Georgian.

The cottage is practically square, low built, with a flat roof on which flowers can be grown. Its brick walls will be washed pale eau-de-nil.

Accommodation comprises three bedrooms to sleep five people, living room, kitchen, bathroom, garage and patio.

The living room has a brick floor covered with gay sheepskin rugs and the brick walls are frankly exposed. A long, elm, refectory table faces a big log fire and food from the kitchen can be passed to the table through a conveniently situated hatch.

M. Le Corbusier

The room is exposed to all the sun from the south and the broad windows with their corduroy curtains give an extensive view of the surrounding countryside.

"The façades are all extremely discreet, while within the walls of the cottage there is every facility for leisurely enjoyment," says Arundell Clarke, who is exhibiting the cottage at Woman's Fair.

The simple way to keep for ever
THE RAVISHING COMPLEXION THAT MEN ADORE

What does man most prize in the woman he loves? It is a skin always fresh and radiant. A complexion at once glamorous, thrilling, inspiring love and romance. You will find the secret of such undying loveliness in ***Rose Petal,*** the wonderful new beauty wash that fits into a vanity bag. Before powdering, wash with ***Rose Petal.*** Just a drop on a sponge. Rub over the face and a new complexion is born. All grease, dust, dirt and stale powder magically disappear. Enlarged Pores and Blackheads vanish for ever. The skin is smooth and fresh and vibrant with glowing health. Your face feels lovely, looks lovely, and keeps the bloom of a dew-kissed rose petal. Carry ***Rose Petal*** in your handbag, and have beauty wherever you go.

Rose Petal
The handbag beauty wash that has "glamour appeal"

Rose Petal is a liquid and after application leaves a perfect base for your powder. It is available in tubes complete with sponge and hygienic moisture proof container. The **6d.** *size fits into your vanity bag. The large tubes at* **1/-** *contain many weeks supply.*

From Boots and all chemists.

COUPON Please send a trial tube of **Rose Petal** Beauty Wash. I enclose P.O. for 6d. STAR COSMETICS, LTD., 6a OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W.1. Phone Reg. 7470.

Name.....

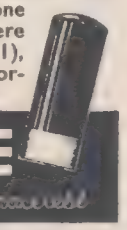
Address.....

INDELIBLE

NATURAL

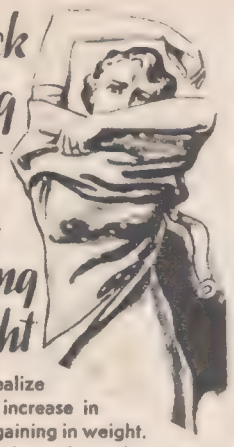
TRACELESS

It was under this slogan that GUITARE LIPSTICK was launched in France, by the Valdor Laboratories, Paris. In spite of tremendous competition, the launching of GUITARE was a gigantic success—without precedent in Cosmetics. This success was due to the fact that GUITARE actually does all that is claimed for it, and the ladies who have tried it once, always continue to use it. GUITARE will stay on your lips all day long, without needing renewal. **With GUITARE, you can eat, drink, swim, smoke . . . and you can kiss—without leaving the slightest mark and without the beauty of your lips suffering in any way.** GUITARE does not give that painted look; **use it and be sure of pretty, natural lips.** GUITARE LIPSTICK is obtainable in 14 glowing transparent shades, including the 6 New "Vogue 1938" A, B and C Brick, D, E and F Cyclamen. De Luxe model, 4/6; Standard size, 2/-; Trial size (enough for one month), 6d. On sale everywhere or C. & N.P., Ltd. (Dept. J.1), Wimbledon Factory Estate, Morden Road, London, S.W.19.



GUITARE
Indelible · Natural · Traceless

This frock is getting too tight -yet I'm not putting on weight



Not many people realize that it is possible to increase in measurement without gaining in weight. They test the latter on the scales and assume that clothes have shrunk. YOU CAN GAIN IN SIZE WITHOUT INCREASE IN WEIGHT – BUT there is one sure way to retain or regain a slim youthful figure. Use the Home Massage Motor a few minutes each day. Special attention can be given to any part of the body on which fat has accumulated. The Home Massage Motor *makes* and *keeps* you fit.

Recommended by Doctors for treating Rheumatism, Arthritis, Indigestion, Constipation, Insomnia, etc. Doctors advise massage for the dispersal of fatty tissue.

HIRE IT FOR 6D A DAY

If you wish to purchase the machine all payments for Hire are deducted from the cost.

FREE *Write for our brochure entitled "Self-Applied Massage for Health and Beauty."*

HOME MASSAGE MOTOR

J. Cranmer & Co. Dept. 62, 143 Cannon St., London, E.C.4

HOME PERM IN TWO HOURS

★

The NEW HOME Perm takes only 2 HOURS and is the only product of its kind which contains EVO-LIN oil—the new discovery which leaves the hair soft and lustrous.

★

ENDURA

Any woman can give herself a permanent wave at home with this amazing scientific discovery. While you read or work, your hair can be transformed into curls as lustrous and beautiful as naturally curly hair. This priceless secret process is so efficient that **an Endura Permanent Wave will last as long as any ordinary permanent.** Natural, bleached, dyed, grey, white, and even children's hair can all be given a beautiful permanent wave with Endura.

* * *

Discovered by Hollywood scientists. Endura is used by film stars in the leading studios. Even in their case, where cost is secondary, famous film stars find it the next best thing to naturally curly hair.

The Endura outfit, consisting of 50 curlers and other necessary materials, there is brought to you the means of obtaining what has up to now been out of your reach by reason of its heavy cost—a beautiful, lustrous head of natural curly hair—your CROWNING GLORY! Unaffected by wind, rain, sea water or atmospheric conditions. Saves you time and money and is actually good for the hair.

Complete outfit—with full instructions—nothing else to buy—7s. 6d., post free, from ENDURA (ENGLAND) LTD. (Dept. 96), 51, Portland Road, Kingston, Surrey. FREE DETAILS ON REQUEST.

HOLLYWOOD'S ORIGINAL HOME PERMANENT WAVE

Virginia Hall's Page

A £3,000 ermine coat with hood, trimmed with black fox

SURE sign that winter is on its way is the appearance of an impressive-looking invitation from the National Fur Council asking me to attend their parade of fur fashions. And I am always very glad to accept, for it's a grand show of every sort of fur made into every possible sort of garment. Mannequins, looking like empresses and trappers' mates, wearing the most gorgeous creations show just where the trend of fur fashion is leading us.

At the show held at Dorchester House, the creations for the coming season were more breath-taking than ever. You would think it impossible to get something quite new in the way of skins, but this year we were presented with an astonishing cape of green silver fox. It looked green, but the silvering somehow showed very clearly.

There was something new in kolinsky, too. Usually this fur is dyed a dark sable brown, but we saw a coatee made of selected skins the colour of cloudy amber. It looked lovely worn with a black evening dress.

As far as the silhouettes of fur coats are concerned, you can suit yourself. Straight, boxy coats are still very popular and are of any length, but a favourite choice seemed to be one of seven-eighths length. The swagger is still popular, but with definitely less back swing than last season. Redingotes were there too and usually semi-fitting, but occasionally they moulded the figure.

★ A new front opening has appeared in fur fashions. This is called the tuxedo effect, which means that the two edges of the front are rolled back and fastened edge to edge with a snap. This type of front can also be folded across to give protection in cold weather. Most of the collars were small and neat and equally becoming when worn open or closed. Most of them were made of the same fur as the coat.

Shoulders are still built-up and broad-looking. Straight or slightly-belled sleeves are general. Generally speaking, styles are becoming and youthful, and gone are the days when a woman in a fur coat looked like a lumbering bear.

It was good to know that over half the furs I saw in this marvellous display came from the Empire. The very finest are to be found in the Canadian North, and of course Prince Edward Island is the original home of silver fox breeding. Mink, which was used for some glorious coats which made me absolutely green with envy, comes not only from the wilds, but also from ranches all over Canada, and in South-West Africa they are rearing Persian lamb as well as they do in its native Bokhara.

A black Persian lamb coat with white ermine sleeves was so intriguing that it was a relief to learn that it could be copied at a much lower figure in Indian lamb—another of our Empire furs. As a matter of fact, the woman of limited means was not overlooked at this fur fashion show, for the brown-dyed ermine swaggers, coatees and boleros we saw there could also be expressed in Canadian squirrel, and the fascinating beaver sports models could be produced in nutria.

Now I must tell you about the coat I liked best in the whole show. It was made of black sealskin, right to the ground, fitted to the waist with a slit up the back. It was, in fact, absolutely tailored with a double-breasted effect at the front, square shoulders and plain tailored revers of sable. It was certainly *the* perfect modern evening coat. But the most intriguing thing about it was this. It was made during the reign of Queen Victoria and has not been altered in any way!

It had a bookshelf, a cupboard with a shelf and a magazine stand

★ The other evening I went to dinner with some newly-married friends. It was my first visit so I had a good look round and admired all their wedding presents. There were two pieces of furniture I thought particularly attractive, and useful too. One was a shoe cupboard and the other a table which contained gadgets to prevent the untidiness you see in most rooms, for it had a bookshelf, a cupboard with a fitted shelf and a magazine or newspaper stand. My friends said: "Oh, that's what we did with Aunt Sue's fiver, and we think it was a pretty good buy, don't you?" I agreed with them, and the very next day I asked the makers for full particulars for the benefit of PASSING SHOW readers.

The shoe cupboard I have got as a special offer to readers at the price of 45s. This is in solid oak polished to match your existing furniture. Or you can have it in figured walnut or mahogany at 63s. It is 2 ft. wide, 3 ft. 3 ins. high and 1 ft. 2 ins. deep, and the interior is fitted with brassed rails, conveniently staggered to hold four rows of shoes. Similar shoe

I knew you'd appreciate

Craven "A" quality!

COOL, fresh and so smooth to the throat—you recognise Craven 'A' quality the first time you smoke them.

In the 'easy-access' inner foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof Cellophane.

10 *for* 6D • 20 *for* 1/-

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

CARRERAS LTD.-150 years' Reputation for Quality C.A. 559

cupboards can be designed at low prices to match your existing furniture in all details.

The solid oak utility table, with bookshelf, cupboard with fitted shelf and magazine or newspaper stand can be polished to match existing furniture and costs 45s. In walnut or mahogany it runs out at 58s. 6d.

With both these pieces, you can obtain shade cards illustrating a variety of different finishes in oak, mahogany and walnut, so that you can match your new buy to your old furniture. This, I think, is a very useful point.

If you are interested in this furniture and would like more details, please write to me marking your envelope "Furniture," and I shall be happy to tell you more.

★ Are you one of those people who look their best in tweeds and woollen jumpers? You often find that these are also the people who like the really good accessories, too. And those tweedy accessories are usually rather expensive. Things like real leather handbags, hogskin gloves and good-looking leather belts can very soon make our purses look pretty thin, can't they?

Well, how's this for an idea?

If you want a belt which will look smart with your country tweeds, and you also don't want to spend much money, try this.

Go to Woolworths and buy two dog collars at 6d. each. Join these together by buckling one to the other, and there you are with a belt which will look like a Bond Street product and which will have cost only a shilling.

With a heavy tweed suit and a green jumper for instance, a belt made from two natural-coloured leather collars which were made for the necks of mastiffs would look very smart. And you can also buy smaller ones in different bright colours.

Anyway, it's an idea worth trying.

★ It's bad enough when a man goes bald, but it's sheer tragedy for a woman. A friend of mine, quite a young girl who just lately has had a very worrying time, has had yet another worry added to her already heavy burden, but luckily she has found a cure for it. I'll tell you about her.

Mary, as I have already said, has had a very trying time during the last two years. Nothing seemed to go right with her. She is engaged to a man in India and one thing after another has prevented her from going out to him to be married. Just about six months ago I saw Mary and she said to me: "Well, Virginia, at last I'm going out to Denis. I'm hoping to sail at Christmas time, but can you guess what's gone wrong with me now? I'm going bald—I wonder how Denis will like me when I walk off the gangway with a nice blonde wig—or not a hair on my head."

I simply couldn't believe her bad luck. Her hair certainly was coming out in lumps. I suppose it was the aftermath of all her worries.

But a couple of weeks ago I again met Mary in town, and one of the first things she said to me was: "No, I've not come up to town to buy that blonde wig—I'm practically cured now."

She had been using a private home treatment which she got from some laboratories in London who specialize in every sort of hair trouble. They treat every case individually. All you have to do is to give them a certain amount of information regarding your hair and a few strands of your hair and they diagnose your case. Then with the range of remedial preparations which they have at their command, it is a comparatively simple matter to prescribe and prepare the treatment necessary to bring about the lasting results you desire. These treatments are sponsored by the British medical profession.

If you want to know more about these individual treatments, write to me, marking your envelope "Individual" and I will be pleased to send you a special booklet giving you full particulars and a personal diagnosis form.

★ At a provincial theatre I was watching a rather third-rate tap-dancer. I must admit that I agreed with the small boy sitting next to me, who said to his mother in piercing tones: "Mummy, can't that lady walk?"

"PASSING SHOW" 'SIMPLICITY' PATTERN SERVICE

AN up-to-the-moment afternoon dress with the new gathered front which may be in contrasting material if desired. In bust sizes 32—42 and hips 35—45. For bust size 34 and hips 37 you will need 3½ yards of 36 inch material or 2½ yards of 54 inch material. If you decide to make it with short sleeves, buy 3⅛ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern, price 9d., post free, will be sent to you on receipt of your order, giving name and address, number of pattern (2019), and size required. Please mark your envelopes "Simplicity."

The six "Simplicity Girls" wearing dresses made from Simplicity Patterns will be one of the features of Woman's Fair at Olympia from November 2 to 26. They will appear each day in the Fashion Theatre.

American & Continental MODEL REPRODUCTIONS

by Byron of Oxford Street

all at ONE GUINEA

3 TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF AMAZING VALUE

Virginia Hall voiced the opinion of thousands of satisfied purchasers when she so warmly praised the Byron model reproductions of Gowns, Coats, Suits, and Ensembles by famous designers of Paris, New York, Hollywood, Zurich, Budapest, and Bucharest. Not a single one of them costs more than one guinea! Start buying *now* direct from the manufacturer and make your dress allowance go two or three times as far. Choose from the wonderful values offered below, or write *today* for the Byron "Guinea Gown" Guide for other delightful Autumn models.

CHARMAINE

Delightfully chic man-tailored Two-Piece Suit in excellent quality imitation Harris Tweed. Built-up stitched neckline and stitched welts to pockets give extremely smart effect. Back of coat is eased into top of band at waist, and slightly flared at lower edge to give fullness. Well cut skirt has inverted pleat front and back. Colours: Fawn, Tan, and Brown. Bust: 33, 35, 36, 37, 39. Hips: 35, 37, 40, 41, 42. Length of skirt: 29. PRICE **1 Gn.** and 1/- for postage and packing.

The complete Suit, or just the Coat (with plain skirt) or the Skirt (with plain coat) are also available in same flecked wool material as the Stroller Coat above.

DANIELLE

Man-tailored Stroller Coat in beautifully soft checked material with bright multi-coloured flecks. The small collar, which can either stand up or lie flat, and facings are in plain all wool material of contrasting colour. Back is cut in three sections, each finishing in a point and stitched into yoke. Wide sleeves narrow into wrist bands, and are padded at shoulders. Roomy patch pockets and art silk taffeta lining complete this striking Parisian reproduction. Colours: Brown, Green, Navy, and Black. Bust: 33, 35, 36, 37, 39, 40, 42, 44, 46. Hips: 35, 37, 40, 41, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. PRICE: **1 Gn.** and 1/- for postage and packing.

JOSETTE

Parisian semi-military style man-tailored Coat in the same hard-wearing imitation Harris Tweed as the Two-Piece Suit at side, with which it can be worn to make an ideal Three-Piece. Stand-up collar, stitched welts to pockets, and sleeves stiffened at shoulders are modish features. Lining throughout is in art silk taffeta Colours: Fawn, Tan, and Brown. Bust: 33, 35, 36, 37, 39, 40, 42, 44, 46. Hips: 35, 37, 40, 41, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Length 46 and 48. PRICE: **1 Gn.** and 1/- for postage and packing.

If you are not satisfied return the garment unsoiled within forty-eight hours and your money will be refunded in full. Post your order NOW, or fill in coupon for "Guinea Gown Guide."

Byron

Proprietors: Byron Gowns Limited

Byron House, 19-20 Noel Street, W.1

Branches: 98 Oxford Street, W.1.; 159 High Street, Kensington, W.8.; 144 Western Road, Brighton

Coupon for FREE "Guinea Gown" Guide

Please send me, post free, regular copies of your "Guinea Gown" Guide.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

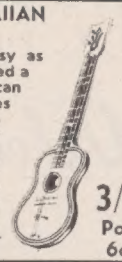
..... Date.....

P.S. 2 .....

NEW VAMPING CHART

Piano or organ—no teacher needed, surprisingly simple system. Persons having neglected their musical education need not despair, for with the aid of this Vamping Chart—placed upright over the keys—you can at once vamp to thousands of songs, ballads, waltzes, ragtime. No knowledge of music required. After using it a few times, you can dispense with it entirely. Postage 2d. Price **6d.**

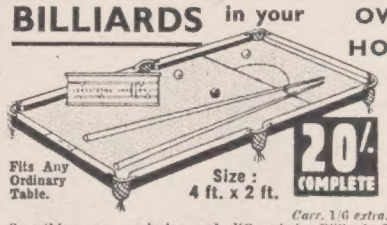
THE "GUITARINA" HAWAIIAN GUITAR



No lessons—no hard practice—easy as A.B.C. Even if you have never played a musical instrument in your life you can be playing a tune in 10 minutes

No knowledge of music required. This astounding musical instrument possesses a beautiful resonant singing tone with a compass of two chromatic octaves. Just study the illustrated tutor which is supplied with each instrument, and in five minutes you will be able to play any tune you like with the ease of an accomplished Guitarist. Why not form a Guitarina Hawaiian Guitar Band and give a show at the next party. Tutor free. **3/6** Post 6d.

BILLIARDS in your OWN HOME



Fits Any Ordinary Table. Size: 4 ft. x 2 ft. **20/-** COMPLETE

Carr. 1/6 extra.

Something new, exclusive and different in Billiards Tables. This model is beautifully made with all the precision and detail demanded in a high-class standard Billiards Table. Covered with best quality hard-wearing green cloth. Rubber Cushions. Complete with set of three balls, two cues and scoring board. Also Size 2ft. 6in. x 1ft. 3in., **10s.** Carr. 1/6 extra.

MAGIC CARDS

The backs tell the secret of every card.

Looks the same as any ordinary pack. Any person without practice can easily perform many mysterious tricks—the cards do the tricks for you.

THEY ALMOST TALK TO YOU

It is possible to tell every card from the back. *Both the suits and numbers are indicated* Fully Illustrated instructions are enclosed with each pack **5/-** Per Pack Postage 3d.

BEST LINEN FINISH. 2 Packs, red and blue backs. **10/- Post Free**

REMIT BY P.O. OR ENGLISH STAMPS

Address all Orders to DEPT. P.S.

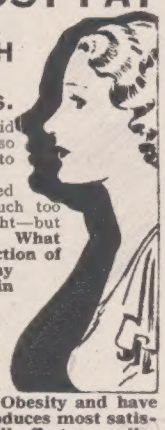
ELLISDON & SON

246, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE WITH ORDER

E. G. Ellisdon, Ltd.

HOW SHE LOST FAT AND REGAINED HEALTH



LOST 6 st. 2 lbs.

Read this letter—"Your splendid fat-reducer 'Silf' has done so much for me that I am writing to say how grateful I am.

"Until six months ago I weighed no less than 16 st. 12 lbs.—much too heavy for a woman of my height—but today I only weigh 10 st. 10 lbs. **What a wonderful change—a reduction of 6 st. 2 lbs. And let me say I have never felt better in health. . . ."**

Read this statement from a HARLEY STREET SPECIALIST:—

"For some time past," he writes, **"I have tried the effects of your 'Silf' treatment for Obesity and have formed the opinion that it produces most satisfactory results without any ill effects. . . ."**

Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box—**you save money by purchasing the larger sizes**—or post free by sending the price to: THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 60A), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps the kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6.

WRECK OF THE ZEPHYR

Continued from page 19

freight, by this time almost at the end of the island, were clearly indicated.

"Doesn't the freight carry lights?" I questioned. I had lowered my gaze, tried to spot it in the darkness.

"Of course," Walton answered, but a puzzled look clouded his face as he, too failed to see the train. "I don't know why they're off," he commented. "They've never failed before."

A series of sharp clicks punctuated his sentence. I whirled.

"What was that?"

"The doors. They've automatically locked. We'll be under way any moment."

A cold chill ran like a spider down my spine. The *Zephyr's* windows were sealed—if anything happened to it, we'd be caught like rats in a trap.

Its acceleration was phenomenal. My nerves tingled as stainless steel wheels clicking with increasing frequency over rail joints, sent a muffled rumble from below. The familiar clang of a warning bell dinned faintly and receded as we raced across Walton's road. The speedometer arrow had passed the 100-mile mark when we took the first curve.

Lifting my eyes to the chart, I watched the movement of the freight train at the other end of the island. We were travelling several times as fast, would reach the landward side simultaneously with it. Remembering how the *Zephyr's* snout had narrowly missed the freight's caboose, I turned to Walton and asked:

"Did it ever occur to you that by sending your trains in opposite directions on a single loop of track, with only a siding between them, you had created a peculiarly dangerous toy? Automatic switches aren't infallible, you know. If that switch should fail, we'd crash head-on." Glancing again at the chart, I made a rapid calculation. "We'd crash right in the middle of the tunnel!"

Walton's eyes did not waver from the track ahead.

"Of course, there's danger. What would be the fun in just riding around a track? But don't worry. The switch is foolproof; it can't fail."

"But the lights on the freight train failed," I snapped. No longer trying to hide my anxiety, I shot a glance at the speedometer, saw that its arrow quivered at the 110-mile mark. The chart overhead indicated that we were nearing the straightway at the end of the island. I glued my eyes on the lights that indicated the advance of the freight at the other end.

There were three bulbs between it and the switch. A fourth would tell whether it took the siding or continued down the right of way. My heart beating with the rhythmic clicking of the whirling wheels, I watched those bulbs.

The first bulb flashed.

I thought about the little puddle of oil on the landing field.

The second bulb flashed.

The moving figure beneath the *Zephyr's* shed. . . .

The third bulb flashed.

The strange failure of the freight train's lights. . . .

The fourth bulb flashed.

Invisible hands within me clutched my heart, my lungs, strangled back all power of speech. Impotent in a paralysis of terror, I turned numbly to Walton.

He, too, had seen that tell-tale light. His face a mask of fear, confirmed the evidence of my own eyes. The switch had failed—the freight was coming down the main line ahead!

I lunged forward then, as Walton fell. His body was dead weight in my grasp, and I sensed the truth even before I lowered him to the floor. A quick touch of his wrist left no doubt. The shock had been fatal to Walton's heart; it had stopped beating.

I rose from the dead body of my friend, stared down at the steel rails that led to doom.

There was no escape. The doors were locked, the heavy sealed windows unbreakable. A feeling of hideous helplessness enveloped me, robbed my sweat-bathed body of strength. Groping, moving like one deadened with dope, I made my way through the engine-room to the baggage-room door. My only chance was to reach that rear car, where the shock of the collision would be less.

And that chance vanished as the door refused to open, remained immovably locked. Trapped in the forward section of the car, I could not save myself from the telescoping impact of the locomotive ahead. Hardly conscious of my action, I groped forward again, clutched the dummy controls.

And then it came. The blow sent me reeling into a bottomless void. But a sound followed me into that void, the familiar sound of clicking wheels. The *Zephyr*, I knew, still raced over the rails—the blow had come from within!

I fought my way back to consciousness, won the battle despite the succession of blows that rained upon me. Clutching blindly, I grasped a writhing figure, struggled desperately. I was fighting for my life—a life that could endure only a few seconds at most. Yet I fought as if those seconds were as many years.

And my fury told. Throwing all my weight forward in a desperate lunge, I sent the figure toppling backward. Alert, I tensed for the counter-charge. It did not come. The figure was limp in my hands. Leaping warily backward, I saw why.

My assailant had been tripped by the dead body of Walton on the floor. His head had struck the sharp throttle lever, impaled itself there. His eyes were glazed with death.

Then I, too, faced death. Through the *Zephyr's* windshield I saw the gaping mouth of the tunnel, heard the crack of the air as the train roared into it at a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour.

We stood watching the removal of the wreckage, the officer from the coastguard and myself. He was a very sensible, matter-of-fact man, and it had been a tedious task making him understand just what Walton had done on this island. From time to time he shook his head.

"You should consider yourself the luckiest man in the world," he said solemnly. "It's a miracle they aren't digging for you, too."

We shook hands, and the officer, still wagging his head, walked to the plane. I continued to watch the removal of the wreckage from the collapsed tunnel. Inwardly I congratulated myself. The coastguard man had not suspected that I had wrecked the *Zephyr*.

It had been a simple trick. I had studied the control mechanism, managed to close the siding switch and send the freight train down the right of way. Its locomotive had telescoped the *Zephyr's* forward car. That car had contained the bodies of Walton and his murderer.

He had nearly done for me, too, that murderer. When the *Zephyr* had entered the tunnel, my own heart had stopped beating. But it had beat again as the *Zephyr* emerged.

I realized the truth. The track chart had lied. The switch had not failed—the freight was safely on the siding! In a flash I understood the murderer's plan.

It had been remarkably simple. The murderer had extinguished the freight train's lights, forcing Walton to rely entirely on the track chart. By crossing the chart's wires, he had led Walton to think the freight would crash head-on. He had well known that Walton's heart could not survive the shock.

An examination of Walton's body would show that he had died a natural death. The plan would have succeeded but for one thing.

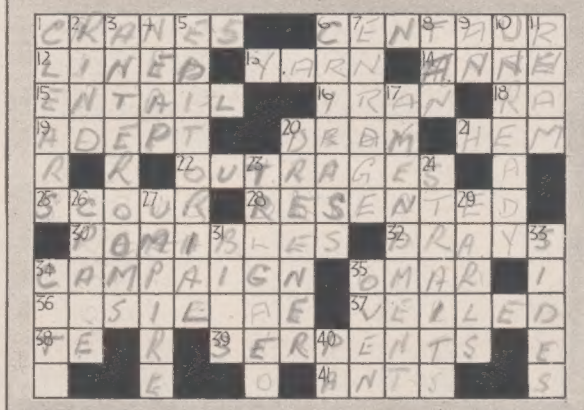
My visit to the island had not been counted on. Realizing that I would discover the crossed wires, guess the truth, the murderer had hidden in the hollow Diesel, determined to commit a second murder to prevent the exposure of the first. Now he lay with his victim in the wreckage of the two trains.

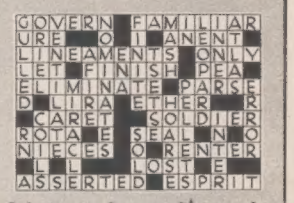
I had wrecked them as they made their next circuit of the island. When the plane, chartered by the murderer, returned to pick him up, I had summoned the coastguard authorities.

I had taken some risk concealing the truth. There was a chance someone might question my story that by dumb luck I had remained behind when the *Zephyr* made its fatal run.

But I felt that I owed that much to Walton. He was a splendid fellow, a good friend, and it would have been a shame to let it be known that he had been murdered by his own son.

FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT





Solution to last week's puzzle

CLUES ACROSS

1. Birds or elevating machines
6. Fabulous monster
12. Aged brow might be so
13. Twisted in threads
14. Famous one lived in eighteenth century
15. Limit inheritance
16. Rain will produce this country
18. Core of 16 across
19. Taped so would be an expert
20. Weight, not avoirdupois
21. A border
22. Violent doings
25. Clean by rubbing
28. Took objection
30. Sermons
32. Carry heavy loads
34. A gin camp (anagram)
35. Eastern poet
36. Fodder preservation
37. Slightly obscured
38. Only half bite
39. Creeping animals
41. Said to provide lesson for sluggards

CLUES DOWN

1. Makes less obscure
2. Outer covering
3. Not main chambers
4. Pane is so low
5. I lead riot (anagram)
6. A breastplate
7. Drive to fury
8. Convert into leather
9. Part of 16 across
10. Not prepared
11. A quantity of paper
17. Alteration or correction
20. If vegetable, may be fresher
23. May release pent up forces
24. Narrows
26. Sing
27. Man who gives decisions
29. Men of rank
31. Geological formation
33. Teams
34. Line a roof
35. Hot place
40. One of U.S.A. in brief

B 263 ★22★ Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second class matter May 17, 1929, at the New York Post Office. Agents for the Colonies: For Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; for Canada, Imperial News Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association Ltd. L.S.17

NOW DEAF EARS CAN HEAR AGAIN

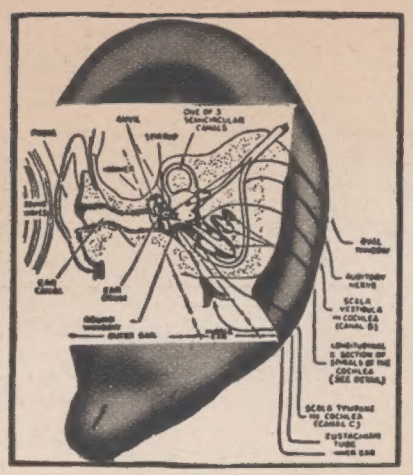


Diagram showing the intricate working of the ear.

Simply and Inconspicuously as Nature Intended ! !

The latest discovery by the "Ardente" Scientists in their most up-to-date research laboratories gives "True-to-Tone" Hearing to sufferers from the isolating handicap of deafness, even the so-called "STONE DEAF." A NEW WAY FOR THE DEAF TO HEAR clearly and "Naturally," true-to-tone and inconspicuously is the **NEW AND AMAZING**

'NATURELTONE'

Here is something NEW—backed by an established and world-famous name—
A BOON FOR NEAR AND DISTANT RANGE. Whether you are young, middle-aged, or elderly—rich or poor—suffering from slight or acute deafness and distressing head noises—using an aid or not—you should not miss the opportunity to try the new "ARDENTE" way to BETTER (balanced) HEARING. With the "BONADENTE" type there is

NOTHING IN or ON the EARS

and with "NATURELTONE" just the merest "pip" fits your ear comfortably and almost invisibly.

Without headbands, earwires or lorgnettes

NEW HEARING IS YOURS for the asking—Conversation, Music, Radio, Church, Talkies, Shopping, Door Bells, Children's Voices, Clock Ticks are again yours to HEAR, so simply that you forget your handicap and your friends don't realise your affliction.
Experience is not acquired in a day, and our experience of over 200,000 cases enables us to offer YOU this new hope and assurance.
Thousands the world over, in all stations of life, have found Better Hearing through "ARDENTE," including the world-famous scientist, Sir AMBROSE FLEMING, Kt., M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. (himself deaf), who wrote after his Eastern tour: *"I certainly could not have done this trip alone without your 'ARDENTE,' for which I bless you."*
HAVE BETTER HEARING FROM NOW ON. CALL, 'phone, write, or send this

Entirely without fee or obligation, you are invited to test this World-famous method and hear for yourself how good hearing can be. You will meet sympathetic interest, help, and advice and the company of your doctor or friend will be welcomed between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. (Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.)

A TEST IS FREE

Note particularly our ONLY London address and make no mistake:
309 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
(Opp. John Lewis)
—look for "ARDENTE" sign. If unable to call, please 'phone, write, or send COUPON below for details, "Medical Reports," and a FREE HOME TEST.

BRITISH and BEST

FOR DEAF EARS *NEEDS*
"ARDENTE" *LEADS*
Don't miss this opportunity to test this wonderful British triumph in Aural Science— real "MADE-TO-MEASURE HEARING"
—the ONE Hearing method backed by WRITTEN GUARANTEE and **commended by every important BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.**

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

"ARDENTE," Ltd. Service Bureaux at **Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.**

★

SPECIAL OFFER

is made to all who apply within—

THE NEXT 14 DAYS

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

R. H. DENT, M.Inst.P.I.
"ARDENTE" for DEAF EARS.
309 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Please send me, quite free, and without obligation, full details of the "ARDENTE" method FREE HOME TEST, your SPECIAL OFFER and a copy of "MEDICAL REPORTS.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

P.S.15/10/38. **PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.**

THE PUBLIC'S SERVANT

There was a time, before Modern Advertising, when the man who wished to purchase an everyday article was obliged to rely only upon his own personal judgment. Quality, today, has been standardized with the help of Publicity; for only reliable goods can afford to advertise, and advertised goods must maintain a uniform standard of excellence. Hence, Modern Advertising is a Public Servant, second to none.

ADVERTISED GOODS ★ ARE ★ THE GOODS TO BUY

FREE!

to those with ambition

ARE you ambitious? Have you the average measure of ability? Are you prepared to concentrate that ability on the attainment of success in your career?

If so, this announcement brings to you a message full of the promise of achievement.

The Metropolitan College, St. Albans, is ready to answer your questions, to help you to realise your ambitions, to turn your ideas into actions, your doubts into decisions, your hopes into actualities.

Just a little application during the long dark evenings, and with the aid of a Metropolitan College Specialised Postal Training you can, like hundreds of others before you, move directly and swiftly forward to certain success.

Proficiency means progress. That is why a Metropolitan College Postal Training is a sound investment; it means to you an improved position, better prospects and an augmented and ever-increasing income. It equips you not only to see opportunity, but to *grasp* it when it comes your way. Here before you is your *first* opportunity. Make your decision *now* and send at once for a FREE COPY of the **Metropolitan College "GUIDE TO CAREERS"**—a carefully compiled 132-page volume which shows you plainly how to secure that advancement and financial stability upon which your future happiness depends. Perhaps you are hesitant—standing at the first cross-roads of your life—uncertain which path to tread. The Metropolitan College will help you from the very outset. The "Guide to Careers" will point the way, the Specialised Postal Training Courses will conduct you surely and rapidly along the Direct road to success.

CIVIL SERVICE
Forthcoming Exams. and how best to prepare for them. Send Coupon for free 52 pp Civil Service Guide

In the quiet of your own home, your own convenience, you can pursue a carefully graduated and intensely interesting course of study, based upon your individual needs and conducted personally by the experienced Chartered Accountants, Barristers - at - Law, Chartered Secretaries, and other experts who comprise the College Tutorial Staff.

SPECIALISED *POSTAL* TRAINING, TAKEN AT HOME, IN SPARE TIME, for all Accountancy, Secretarial, Banking, Legal and Insurance Exams.; for Professional Preliminary Exams.; Matric., B.Com., B.A. and other London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Police and Relieving Officers' Exams., etc. Also many intensely **Practical (non-exam.) Courses** in Accountancy, Secretarial and Commercial subjects, Salesmanship, Foreign Languages, English, General Education, Public Speaking, etc.

The Metropolitan College has to its credit the longest and most impressive list of examination successes recorded by any commercial training institution in the United Kingdom, whether postal or oral.

Your future prosperity waits NOW on your decision. Let the urge of your ambition have sway. The turning point of your career may be in the attached Coupon. Fill in that Coupon and post it to-day to the College. So will you place your foot on the first rung of the ladder of leadership.

COUPON—POST NOW

To the Secretary,
METROPOLITAN COLLEGE, ST. ALBANS
Please send me—without charge or obligation—the College
132 pp. GUIDE TO CAREERS } *Cross out*
52 pp. CIVIL SERVICE GUIDE } *Guide not required*

NAME .....
(In Capitals)
ADDRESS .....
.....
Exam. (if any) in which interested .....
(G7) 15/10/38.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

(G7), ST. ALBANS.

3/- DOWN BRINGS BARGAIN SET COMPLETE

MW VALUE DEFIES ALL COMPETITION

FEATHER DOWN QUILT value 30/- AND FREE BEDSPREAD TO MATCH value 10/-

40/- value for 18/11
3/- DOWN AND 3/- MONTHLY

100% ART SILK TAFFETA

FREE BEDSPREAD

BOTH FULL DOUBLE BED SIZE

In lovely shades GOLD · BLUE · ROSE · GREEN
No Charge for Credit – Money Back Guarantee

SENSATIONALLY LOW-PRICED!

Think of all the extra things you'll be able to buy for your home with the money you save on this marvellous Quilt and Spread Set! The value is truly SENSATIONAL—we guarantee you a saving of 15/- to 21/- on the price you would have to pay for this same set outside of Ward's. **Be convinced by facts!** See the prices asked by big cash stores and other dealers for Quilt and Spread Sets of this quality. You'll soon realize what a genuine bargain this is—you'll find the Quilt **alone** sells for 30/- or more, and the Bedspread for 10/-!

Both Quilt and Spread are of rich, lustrous 100 per cent Art. Silk Taffeta in a choice of four warm, glowing colours of GOLD, BLUE, ROSE or GREEN. The Quilt is generously filled with soft, springy feathers—light in weight but gloriously warm. FREE Bedspread to match, richly embroidered as illustrated. FULL DOUBLE-BED SIZE 6 ft. by 5 ft. Order No. E.2Q/1500. Price of Set complete 18/11.

NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT

Picture this rich, colourful Set in your bedroom . . . imagine how gay and warm-looking it will make it. Then remember—just 3/- will bring it to you right away—thanks to Ward's convenient Monthly Thrift Plan. Enjoy the warmth and luxury of this beautiful Set immediately . . . pay for it little by little, with NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT.

ORDER ON APPROVAL to-day. Our Money Back Guarantee absolves you from paying a single penny piece if not absolutely satisfied with the bargain. Even the cost of return carriage is refunded with your deposit payment!

SEND A POSTCARD for BIG NEW FREE CATALOGUE

MARSHALL WARD LTD..
WEMBLEY. LONDON

MW VALUE

PIN 3/- P.O. TO COUPON

To MARSHALL WARD Ltd. **(Dept. P.S.), Wembley, London.**
I enclose 3/- for Combination Quilt and Spread Offer. No. E.2Q/1500. to be sent to me On Approval. If I return same, you are to refund my full Postal Order, and also cost of return carriage. Otherwise, I will pay 3/- each month until your Special Price plus 11d. postage is paid.

State Colour of Quilt.....
(Colour of Spread will match Quilt.)

Name { Husband.....
(State first and last names in full.)
Wife .....
(If unmarried please state age.....)

Address .....

Town..... County.....

Occupation .....

(37) Have you bought from us before?.....56
15-10-38 *This offer applies only in England, Scotland and Wales.*